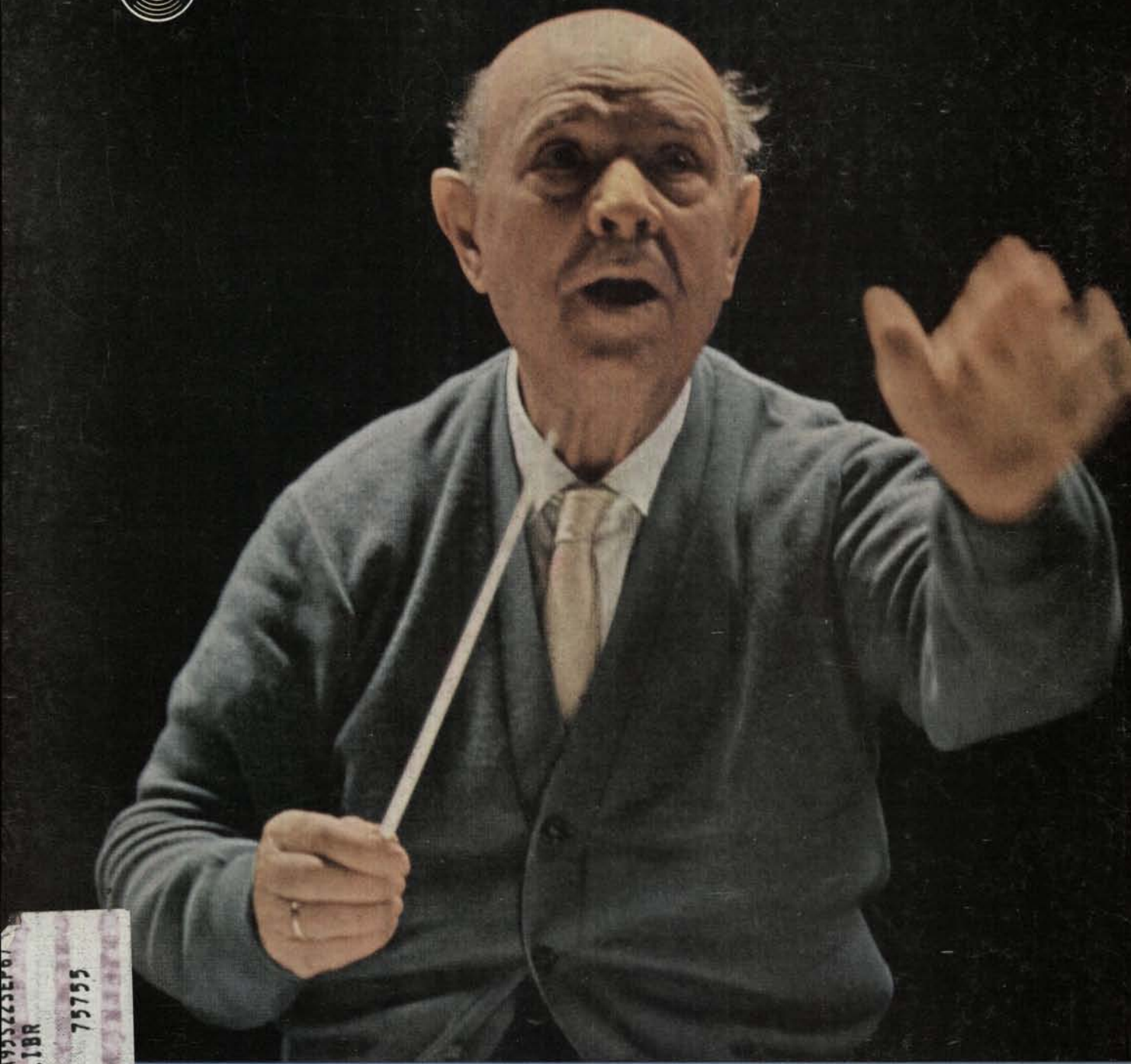
Saturday Review

December 31, 1966 35¢

RECORDINGS



Pablo Casals, whose ninetieth birthday is being celebrated this week (see Recordings).

ART OVER THE COUNTER, by Katharine Kuh

THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THE TWENTIES, by Archibald MacLeish

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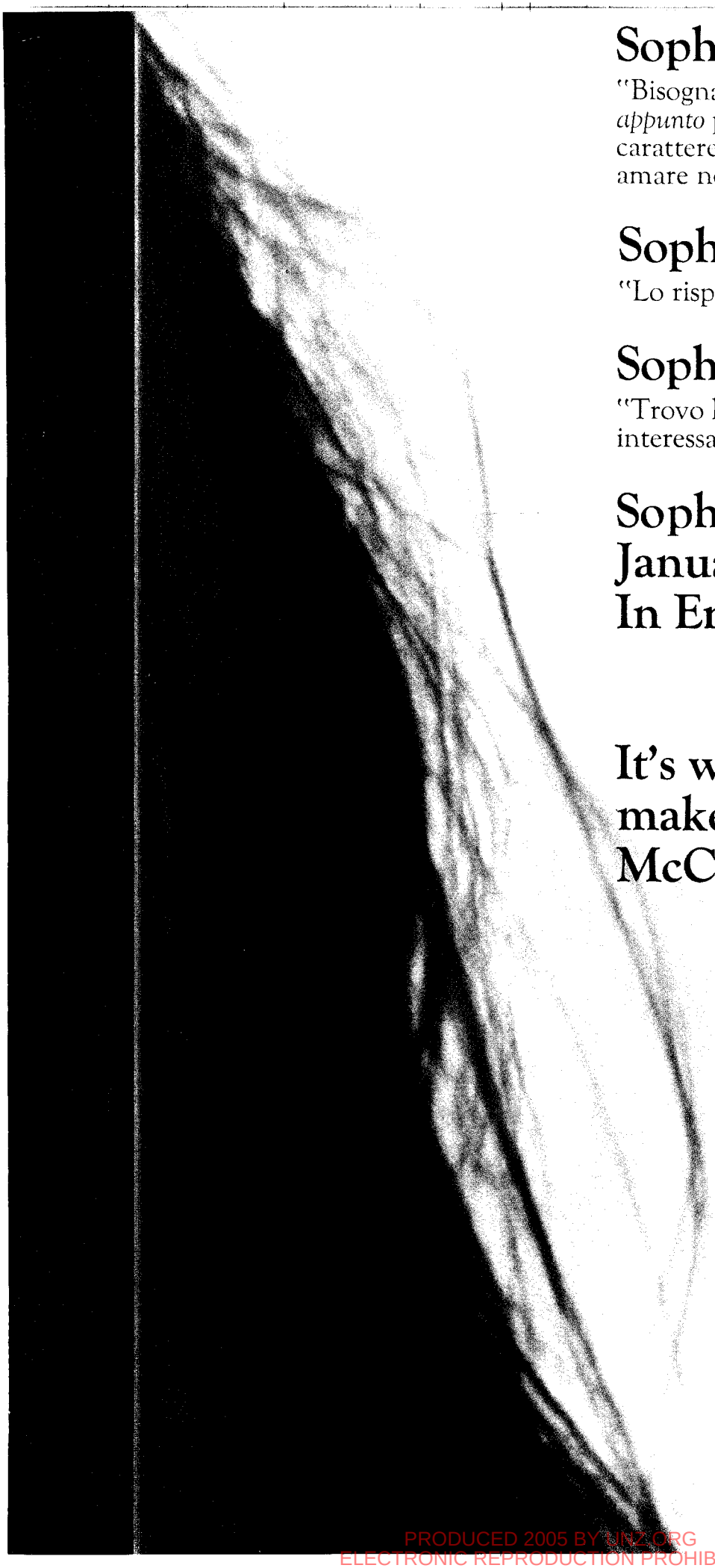

Sophia on Husbands:

"Bisogna amare il proprio marito *appunto* perchè ha un brutto carattere e beve troppi martini— amare non dev'essere facile—"

Sophia on Money:

"Lo risparmio."

Sophia on Women:

"Trovo le donne, molto, molto interessanti..."

Sophia.
January McCall's.
In English.

It's what makes McCall's McCall's

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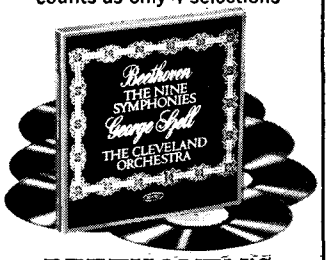

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George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra

2203-2204-2205-2206. Seven-Record Set (Counts as Four Selections). All nine Beethoven Symphonies in a monumental recording! Includes informative brochure.

1477

1661

3455

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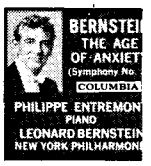
2877



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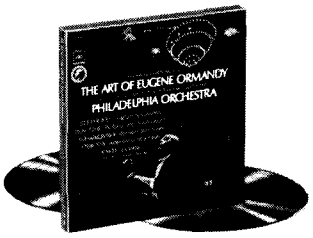


THE ART OF EUGENE ORMANDY

2953-2954. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections). Commemorates Ormandy's 30th Anniversary with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Five works including Beethoven's Eighth Symphony. Also includes absorbing 12-page booklet.

2180

2212

1928

3525

1695

2244

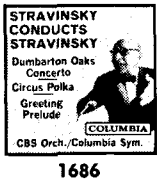
2647

2131

1097

2470

2875



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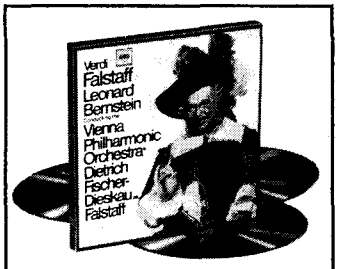


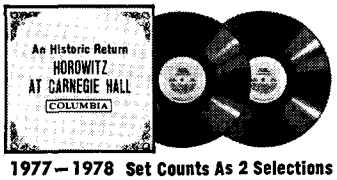
VERDI'S FALSTAFF
Bernstein, Fischer-Dieskau

3595-3596-3597. Three-Record Set (Counts As Three-Selections). With Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as Falstaff, and Leonard Bernstein conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Includes illustrated booklet with full Italian-English libretto.

2214

1776

2217



1977—1978 Set Counts As 2 Selections

3515

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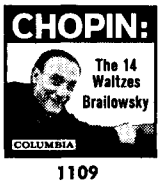

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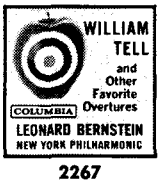

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2649

2651

2218

1689

1405

2372

1096

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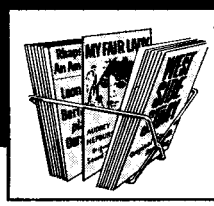

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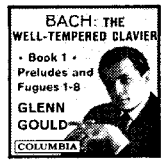

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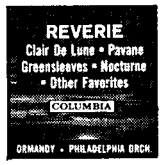

1909

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2405

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2369—2370 **Set Counts As 2 Selections**

1296

2019

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1073

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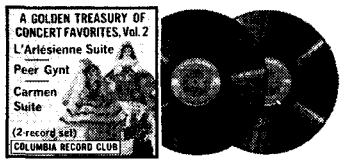

2508 **Set Counts As 1 Selection**

2073

2652

1910

2838

1691

2081

2479

1404

2018

1777

1287

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A genius and his empire

Joseph Pulitzer

1847-1911

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by Julian S. Rammelkamp

The first serious study of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* during the early years of the Pulitzer era. The author examines the newspaper during its formative years, and sees it as the foundation of the highly successful *World* and of Pulitzer's career. He shows how the Pulitzer style developed, and how the peculiar brand of Pulitzer philosophy —at odds with agrarians and monopolists alike—evolved into a practical political sense about local and national issues. Illustrated. $7.50

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by George Juergens

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PRINCETON, N. J.

Saturday Review

December 31, 1966

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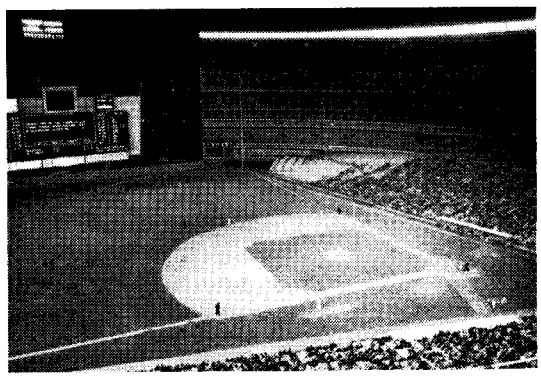

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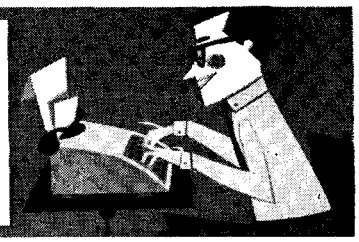
Top of My Head



Now Is the Time for XXXXXX

THE McGRAW-EDISON Company of West Orange, New Jersey, has received a patent for a talking typewriter. When a child touches a key, the machine not only prints the letter, the figure, or the symbol, but it also pronounces it.

What's the big deal? My typewriter and I have been in oral communication for years. All I have to do is roll a blank sheet of paper over its carriage and muse on a lead paragraph to one of these columns, and the air is filled with persiflage and recrimination. The battle of man against machine is on.

To wit: (The italics are Its.)

"Now let me see—how'll I start this thing?"

"Don't look at me. I'm only an 'It.' I just sit here with a lapful of letters and figures and symbols, while you sit there picking your brain trying to eke out a lead to your column."

"Don't worry. I'll get the lead out."

"Oh, very funny—it's a play on—"

"I know what it's a play on! Now quiet while I think!"

"What does it matter what you think of? You'll still X out everything you write. That constant X-ing. It's no wonder I get these migraines."

"I told you when you took the job I do a lot of X-ing."

"Yes, but I thought you used carbon, made copies. It softens the clatter."

"Quiet. I've got it."

"He's got it."

"How's this? 'Everything is forever.' . . . No, I'll start over."

"Here come the X's! But I don't blame you—that should be 'nothing is forever.'"

"I turned it around purposely so that—"

"Oh I get it—you take an axiom and turn it around and then you postulate on it to prove the opposite is true. An easy, and I may add, a gauche way to attract attention."

"Postulate?"

"Yes, I helped your secretary write a letter to her sister the other day. She wrote that lately you have been postulating a lot. Smart girl, that secretary of yours."

"From now on you may refer to her as my X-secretary."

"There you go X-ing again. You know what I think?"

"You're not paid to think. Quiet please."

"Paid? Every three months I get a new ribbon for my hair. Black and red. My two most unflattering colors. Next week, first of the new year, I get a bubble bath. Some life!"

"Hey, that might be something. Another new year. Let me see how that'll work out. Oh yes . . . 'I often wonder as the years slip swiftly past. . . .'"

"Excuse me, master, but don't you think we could stand a new capital 'I'? It's worn down to a knuckle. Why don't you write it 'We'?"

"Everybody wants to get into the act."

"Well, considering your hieroglyphic handwriting, I think I contribute a—"

"Forget it! Here I go: 'As the years slip swiftly past, one wonders. . . .'"

"That's better."

"'One wonders if there shouldn't be another month in the year—a month to remind us that we are an insecure community of man bound together by common frailties, wandering tenuously a pandemoniac earth. An extra month in which to speak a word, to mend a rift, to fill a void, to right a wrong, to heal a wound, to grant a wish, to make a peace, to stop a war.'"

"Hey, that's OK. I'm amazed."

"Surprised I could be that sentimental?"

"No. You did the whole thing without X-ing. Shows what you can do when you type with your heart."

"That's the only sweet thing you ever said to me. Didn't think you had it in you."

"What do you mean 'didn't have it in me'? It's all there. All you have to do is find the right keys."

"A month to Remember—and that's a good name for it. October, November, December, Remember. It scans."

"Why don't we start a world-wide movement?"

"I don't know. On second thought it may not be such a good idea. An extra month might mean extra taxes."

"There you go—I knew it couldn't last."

"Quiet, I'm trying to find a tag."

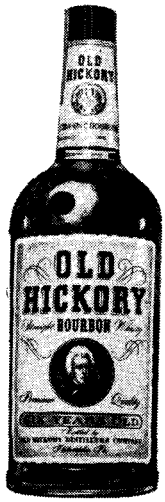
"Why not wish everyone a happy New Year?"

"OK, wish you a happy New Year."

"There went that 'I.' See what I mean?"

—GOODMAN ACE.

OLD HICKORY
Scandalously good.



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What do we do for an encore?

How do you follow December's stocking full of Truman Capote and Tennessee Williams, Noel Coward and Johann Sebastian Bach, Marian Anderson and Van Cliburn, Charlie Brown and Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer, the story of the Nativity, the Metropolitan Opera, the choreography of Valerie Bettis and the music of the Cleveland Symphony?

Well, just for New Year's openers, here are a few programs worth planning to see in January.

Patterns of Scholarship
Directions: A four-part series on reconstructing the past through archeology and manuscripts. Sundays, Jan. 1, 8, 15, 22 (1-1:30 pm).

First Ladies of the Opera
Bell Telephone Hour: Birgit Nilsson, Leontyne Price, Joan Sutherland and Renata Tebaldi show what makes each unique. Sunday, Jan. 1 (6:30-7:30 pm).

The National Current Events Test
Audience involvement in a broadcast about current events. Tuesday, Jan. 3 (10-11 pm).

The Trap of Solid Gold
Cliff Robertson and Dina Merrill star in the Stage 67 drama. Wednesday, Jan. 4 (10-11 pm).

The Farthest Frontier
CBS Reports: Developments in the study of the mind and their meaning for mental health. Tuesday, Jan. 10 (10-11 pm).

Sex In The Sixties
Stage 67 explores the social, medical and moral aspects of sex today. Thursday, Jan. 12 (10-11 pm).

An Island Called Ellis
Project 20 documentary on "the most majestic theme in American history"—immigration. Friday, Jan. 13 (10-11 pm).

Cinderella
The only original musical for television by Rodgers and Hammerstein, with Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Celeste Holm, Jo Van Fleet, Lesley Ann Warren, others. Wednesday, Jan. 18 (7:30-9 pm).

The Bob Hope Christmas Show
Hope's annual journey for GI's overseas. Wednesday, Jan. 18 (9-10:30 pm).

To Save A Soldier
Story of Medivac, Air Medical Evacuation Unit in Vietnam. Thursday, Jan. 19 (10-11 pm).

Bing Crosby Pro-Am Golf Championship
The two final rounds telecast live from Pebble Beach, Calif. Saturday, Jan. 21 (6-7:30 pm) & Sunday, Jan. 22 (5-7 pm).

Emlyn Williams—Dickens
Emlyn Williams recreates Charles Dickens' performances when he toured America. Sunday, Jan. 22 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Thoroughbred
The story of a Kentucky race horse from his birth to his first race at Saratoga. Sunday, Jan. 22 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Essay On Women
Harry Reasoner and Andrew Rooney review women's dissatisfaction with themselves. Tuesday, Jan. 24 (10-10:30 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein
The ninth annual concert featuring youthful talent. Friday, Jan. 27 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Sights and Sounds of San Francisco
Bell Telephone Hour looks at the city's opera, ballet, symphony and jazz. Sunday, Jan. 29 (6:30-7:30 pm).

The Royal Palaces
An exploration of Great Britain's royal palaces and their fabulous art treasures. Sunday, Jan. 29 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs Monday Through Friday
Captain Kangaroo/Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Wednesdays: ABC Stage 67 (New day ...Thursday, Jan. 12)

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo / Sunrise Semester / The Smithsonian/Animal Secrets/Wide World of Sports / Vietnam Weekly Review/Shell's Wonderful World of Golf/ ABC Scope: The War In Vietnam

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Directions / Bullwinkle / Camera Three / Discovery / Face the Nation / Meet the Press / The Catholic Hour / Issues and Answers/CBS Sports Spectacular/Wild Kingdom / College Bowl / The Frank McGee Report/The 21st Century/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (EST), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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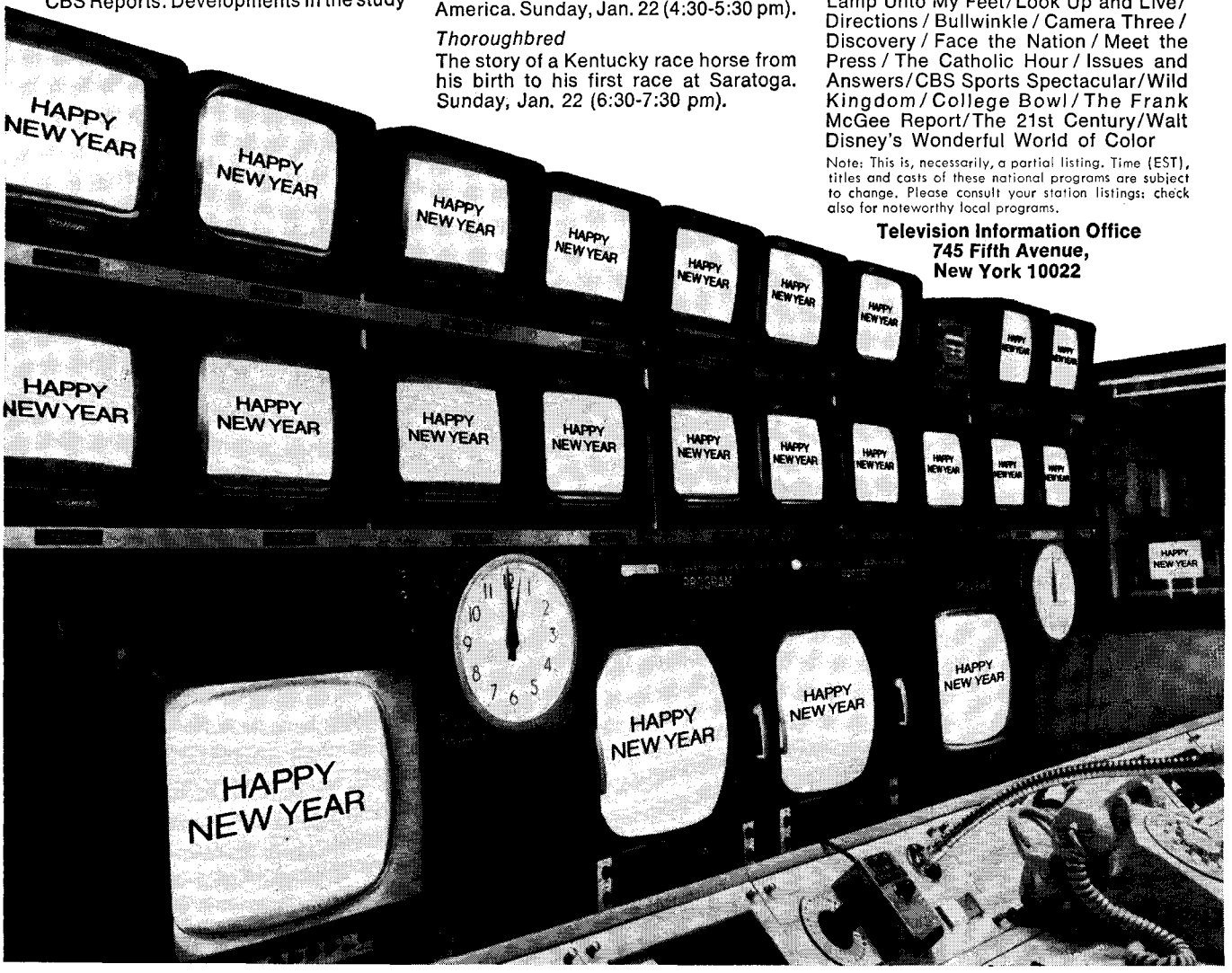

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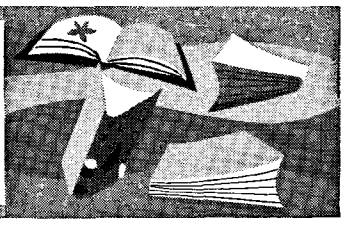
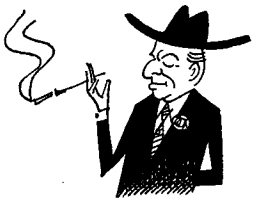
Trade Winds



In a fascinating quiz book called *Questions, Anyone?* writer-producer Robert Thomsen has included some delightful anecdotes. One concerns the night of January 23, 1941, when Gertrude Lawrence was opening in *Lady in the Dark.* Noel Coward was on his way to the opening when he realized he had not sent his good wishes to the star. He hurried into the Astor Hotel, wrote a cheery



message, signed it "Mayor LaGuardia" and handed it to the Western Union lady.

She read it and said, "But you can't sign it 'Mayor LaGuardia.'"

"All right," said Coward, in a hurry to get away, "just sign it 'Noel Coward' then."

"You can't say that either." The lady was indignant.

"But I am Noel Coward!" he shouted.

"Then," she said, melting before his eyes, "then, of course you may sign it 'Mayor LaGuardia.'"

When the ninth grade in Bloomfield, New Jersey, was studying newspapers, Miss Dorothea Burns gave the assignment of writing some historical headlines. Here are some results:

FRANKLIN FLIES KITE;
GETS BIG CHARGE

WHITNEY SOLVES PROBLEM
WITH GIN

ARABS TO USE NEW
COUNTING SYSTEM

LOUIS XVI FLIPS LID
IN TOWN SQUARE

LUTHER FINDS DIET OF WORMS
REVOLTING

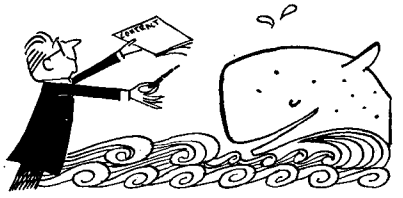
Maybe because he couldn't find anything better being published these days, Bill Cotterell recently reviewed the telephone book for the *Falcon Times,* the Miami-Dade Junior College campus paper. Discussing the newly issued *Southern Bell Telephone Directory for Greater Miami,* the reviewer observed:

> Although—as in his previous works—[Author A. G.] Bell stretches a seemingly endless cast of characters over a virtually nonexistent plot, the reader's attention is maintained by the author's devotion to detail. Bell writes with such stark, accurate realism, such driving, to-the-point brevity, that the reader always knows just whom the author is talking about.

Two weeks before *Moby Dick* was published in November 1851, word reached the United States that a sperm whale had attacked and sunk a whale ship in the Pacific. The vessel was the *Ann Alexander;* the crew escaped. It was only the second time in history that such a catastrophe had taken place.

Herman Melville's comment was that it was "a surprising coincidence, to say the least . . . What a Commentator is this *Ann Alexander* whale. What he has to say is short and pithy but very much to the point."

When *Moby Dick* came out, reviewers generally abused it or were puzzled. Any parallel between the *Pequod* and the *Ann Alexander* was lost on the public. Today a tremendous amount of publicity would have been generated.



When the *Ann Alexander* crew returned to New Bedford, it would be met by Melville and correspondents, all flown from New York by the publisher. A press party would be held, and Melville would autograph copies of his book and have his picture taken with the skipper of the *Ann Alexander,* whose name would already have been on a book contract. Etc.

To get back to reality, let me refer you to a new Dover paperback reprint of *Melville in the South Seas,* first published in 1939 in hardcover and now available with a new introduction by the author, C. R. Anderson. Anderson spent four years tracing Melville's path around the world. To Melville fans, it's good to have this book available again.

One way of recording history with fairly good accuracy is to have an old-timer sit down and tell it. That's what Hattie Blossom Fritze did. She is eighty-three years old, and her *Horse and Buggy Days on Old Cape Cod* is a fine blend of history and guidebook. There's a fun-

ny story about Ed Phinney, who ran a general store in Barnstable.

Once, Phinney stocked a certain sewing gadget that caught on with customers and sold like hot cakes. When the salesman came back to the store on his next visit he was happy and got ready to take a big re-order of the gadget. But Ed Phinney would have none of it.

"No siree," he said. "I can't be bothered with that thing no more—it sells too fast."

A policeman in Hyannis, Massachusetts, stopped me for driving through a stop sign. The first thing he said to me was, "I want to remind you of your privilege to remain silent, that anything you say may be used against you, and of your right to have a lawyer present at your interrogation. Now, just what the hell do you think you're doing, going through that stop sign back there?"

Sharps and Flats: That noted imbiber, W. C. Fields, once turned down a dinner invitation, saying, "I never eat on an empty stomach."

► Hal Bowser met a thoroughgoing right-winger: He's so conservative he won't operate his car on New York's Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive.

► A sign in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, reads: SANITARY REFUSE COMPANY. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR GARBAGE BACK.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1707)

Arthur Mees:
LEICESTERSHIRE

(Quotation suggested by Mrs. John T. King, Jr.)

Dr. Ford, Vicar of Melton Mowbray, would ride miles to hear Handel's *Messiah,* singing that oratorio right through, beginning the overture as he crossed Melton Bridge. . . . As the pace of his horse was pretty regular, he always succeeded in concluding the *Amen Chorus* at Leicester.

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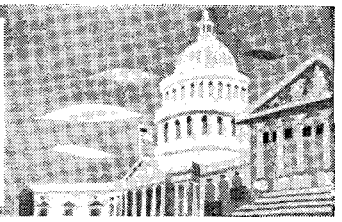
State of Affairs



The President and the New Year

WASHINGTON.

THIS IS the time when the temptation is greatest to look into one's crystal ball for clues to what the New Year will bring. And considering that this is at best an inexact art, the last thing one should do is be specific. But one does not need to be too much of an expert to determine the problems and dilemmas that will plague President Johnson in 1967. Somehow they all stem from the Vietnamese war.

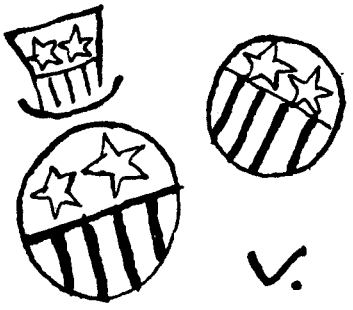
This war does not create a cloud in my crystal ball, but some sort of smog which affects almost all the President's policies. It contaminates his programs, makes the Great Society asthmatic and the Democratic party vulnerable. It is only too clear that the rising costs of the war are forcing the President to skimp on his Great Society plans and so he finds himself hoisted on his own high hopes and ambitious plans. He declared war on poverty but he is not fighting it with all the means he promised. And when the legions of dedicated men and women he sent into action find that they have to retreat, that they are not getting the weapons and the ammunition they need, they get disillusioned and embittered. And their complaints are echoed in the cities and their slums, among white and black, Democrats and Republicans. Mayor Lindsay set off the chorus of laments about the cuts in the Poverty program; more and more voices are bound to join in.

Two Democrats, Senator Ribicoff and Senator Robert Kennedy, are conducting hearings which, from a political viewpoint, may be the most damaging to the President not only because they are conducted by members of his own party but because they have been attracting star witnesses whose testimony is getting full publicity. Senator Kennedy, without having to say it again himself, is thus succeeding in restating what the President has angrily denied, "that the federal government is not spending enough for health, education, and welfare programs, commensurate to the size of the gross national product." Mr. Johnson has always maintained that since he succeeded President Kennedy he has increased the appropriations in these fields by $10 billion to $12 billion. Although he has made great strides in his war against poverty he has also drawn so much attention to it that any weakening of his commitment will count doubly against him.

At the same time, these heavy sacrifices for the war in Vietnam do not promise any compensation, in the form of victory, from the fighting front. There is a growing realization now both in the Pentagon and in the State Department that neither the bombing nor the American battalions are likely to weaken significantly the will to resist in Hanoi. Military power has its limitations. It is impossible to bomb a country that lives in the Stone Age into the Stone Age. A high Soviet official once said to me with unconcealed exasperation: "Even if the Americans destroyed Hanoi and Haiphong, the North Vietnamese would simply go into the jungles and fight from there."

But it is also very likely that the North Vietnamese intelligence is aware that the pacification program has not made any real progress. It must know, for instance, that rice imports into South Vietnam, once a rice-exporting country, have had to be increased this year. American intelligence, on the other hand, rather late in the day has realized that the so-called Communist infrastructure in South Vietnam—its organization on the ground, its supply and communication lines, its hold on the villages and on the people—is far stronger than officials had assumed. Demoralization has not yet set in to an extent that could have a decisive effect on the war. The advice the President is getting from Saigon, therefore, is that this will be a very long war—something very different from the euphoria last spring—and even though the fighting may shift from pitched battles to guerrilla warfare, it will continue to tie down large American forces.

In Washington everybody, at least in the White House, fervently hopes that the war will be over before the 1968 Presidential elections. But in Saigon nobody thinks in those terms, and the longer this truth is kept from the American people the more difficult it will be to explain and admit it later. In fact, it seems to me it will suffice for the Republican party to point to the government's inconsistent policies and its many misrepresentations over the cost and length of the war without having to go to the trouble of proposing an alternative policy.



Whether proper cost efficiency methods are being applied to the conduct of the war—whether certain cuts such as those being applied to the war on poverty are possible—is something that has not been seriously investigated. When I read about the loss of considerable numbers of highly trained pilots and highly sophisticated planes that cost millions, over targets whose importance is questionable, I wonder whether the best judgment is being applied, whether the results justify the losses in men, material, and money.

The President hopes that negotiations somehow will be brought about next year. The Russians last October encouraged him and others to think that they might be able to influence Hanoi into greater flexibility, but they seem either to have overrated their influence or to have misjudged the mood in Hanoi. Perhaps the best President Johnson can hope for in the New Year is that the pace of the war will slow down.

There are those who say that if the President had dared to raise taxes early this year, when virtually all of his advisers were in agreement on such a move, he could have saved himself a lot of trouble. "One of the difficulties," one leading expert here suggested, "is that nowadays there are too many statistics available, tempting the President to postpone his decision month after month. If he had followed his instincts, he would have raised taxes when it was the obvious thing to do." As it is, the state of the economy next year is unlikely to strengthen confidence in his Administration. The problem of whether to do something more definite about our antimissile defense only aggravates the economic dilemma, for this again is now mainly an economic question. If the costs were not so staggering, there would be no hesitation about proceeding.

There are, of course, those in the government who believe that the United States can afford both the costs of the war in Vietnam and the Great Society, and in terms of national resources that is certainly true. But it would also mean that the President would have to raise taxes higher than he is willing to, for political reasons. It all adds up to a very uncomfortable New Year for President Johnson.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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Saturday Review
December 31, 1966

There Was Something About the Twenties

What did the Paris expatriates do? They and others in the arts "were discovering a profound change in the human situation"—the morning of an age.

By ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

SOMEBODY once observed—Yeats for a guess—that the great thing is to survive. I'm not so sure. There may be advantages in outliving one's contemporaries—some of them anyway—but there is little to be said for facing the next generation alone. For the next generation has its questions, too. What was it really like back there? What did all you expatriates *do* in Paris in the Twenties?

The worst of it is, if you reply, they don't understand you. If you tell them you never met an expatriate in Paris in six years they smile: They've read the guide book. If you tell them most of the people you knew in Paris in the Twenties worked, they smile again: Did you know Fitzgerald? If you say yes, you knew Fitzgerald, and Hemingway better and longer, and Dos Passos, and Cummings, who was there from time to time, and Wilder on his way through to Rome (which he discovered, characteristically, a generation ahead of the world), and John Peale Bishop, who was, in some not unimportant ways, the most interesting of the lot, and that none of them were expatriates—if you say all that (which you learn not to) they don't openly tap their heads but you see their fingers twitching. Well, they say at last, did you know Henry Miller? And you give up: No, you never knew Henry Miller. "Well, he's an expatriate; he wrote *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare.*" True, you say, and you excuse yourself and wander off to the nearest elevation from which on a clear day . . . You know where *you* will end up in that thesis—a footnote in the bibliography.

No, an idea gets fixed in the collective mind like a loose tooth in a gear-box and you can't get it free. The Twenties in Paris were Fitzgerald and soda. Or they were a Lost Generation as Mr. Hemingway said to Miss Stein or Miss Stein to Mr. Hemingway or maybe Miss Toklas to both of them. Or else, and in any event, they were a lot of Americans sitting around in the Dome detesting America—except for those who sat around detesting America in the Rotonde. And the fact that it isn't true—or isn't true, at least, of anyone who mattered—is irrelevant: The notion has deposited itself like stale air on a window—improvisations of beautiful frost through which no one can see.

IT'S a pity because what was actually happening in Paris in those years—and not only in Paris—was important. What was actually happening was that the arts—including the art of letters—were accomplishing what only rarely in human history they have accomplished as well: They were discovering a profound, and (until they performed their task) unnoticed change in the human situation—the change for which *The Waste Land* and *Ulysses* and the Cantos created metaphors; the change which we all now recognize as real but which no one recognized as real until Stravinsky and Picasso and Eliot and Pound and Joyce and the rest.

I refer, of course, to the now evident—we would say, self-evident—fact that an age ended with the First World War; that the great voyage of Ulysses—*"Heureux qui, comme Ulysses, a fait un beau voyage"*—had become a Dublin jaunt from morning stool to noisy pub to wife's dishonored bed.

> "These fragments you have shelved (shored)"
> "What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
> Out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,
> You cannot say or guess for you know only
> A heap of broken images where the sun beats
> And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief
> And the dry stone no sound of water . . ."

To a generation born fifty years after ours all this is established literature—part of the canon—its meanings obvious as the meanings of past literature always are. But in the Twenties none of this was obvious—even to the professional critics—even to the best of contemporary critics. There is something strangely (as of now) tentative about Edmund Wilson's review of *The Waste Land* in the *Dial* (the curious review in which he refers to Pound as Eliot's "imitator"):

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> And sometimes we feel that he (Eliot) is speaking not only for a personal distress but for the starvation of a whole civilization. . . .

The starvation of a whole civilization was a new idea in 1923. A generation born in the century of stability and order—of reliable events, foreseeable consequences—could still, like Alice through her looking glass, see the old safe world behind it, that *other* room in which chairs were actually chairs and tables tables and the sun on the floor sunlight on the floor. Indeed, to most of us who fought in that war—particularly to the Americans who, so to speak, *went* to the war across an ocean which they expected, with luck, to recross again—to most of us it was assumed as a matter of course that when the war was over we would return to the world we had left.

It was not easy for us—not easy even for a man as perceptive as Mr. Wilson—to accept the fact that that world was no longer there. But Eliot as poet realized it—and created (his duty as poet) the form in which it could be realized by others. Pound realized it—*in* his poem. Dos Passos found fictions which would realize it. And the realization was the age. It was not the Lost Generation which was lost: It was the world out of which that generation came. And it was not a generation of expatriates who found themselves in Paris in those years but a generation whose *patria*, wherever it may once have been, was now no longer waiting for them anywhere.

That realization produced two consequences: *The Waste Land* and the forms in which the waste land was discovered. The Twenties were not only the years of the images of the collapse of Christendom and the drowning of Cleopatra's barge and the end of an age. They were also high-hearted—even high-handed—years of innovation, arguably the greatest period of literary and artistic innovation since the Renaissance. The burden of the song may have been tragic, but the song itself was new and then new again and then even newer, as though, precisely because the bottom had fallen out of the historical tradition, a new ship had to be built for every voyage to sea. Indeed—and this is perhaps the most significant fact about the period—the avant-garde was composed in those years not, as ordinarily, of the frustrated and defeated but precisely of the principal figures of the time. Joyce was avant-garde (though he would have rejected the designation). Stravinsky (who still rejects it) was avant-garde. Picasso has been avant-garde for generations. With the result that the Surrealists, who had announced, by manifesto, their right to head the procession never got far enough forward to hear the drum.

It is these two characteristics, miraculously combined, which make the peculiar quality of the time: the shimmer and sheen of the inventiveness and the tragic depth of the theme. Art, with the great figures of the decade, was accomplishing what art exists to accomplish—and accomplishing it with freshness and vividness and courage: It was recreating with new means—almost with a new vocabulary—the metaphor for our experience of our lives, the tragedy of our experiences. Not philosophy, not the church, but the painters and poets and composers of those years showed us what and where we were.

PERHAPS the simplest way to make the point is to compare the work of the years which followed the First War with the work which followed the Second. The principal orientation of this later work, as it appears to those who know it best and admire it most, is briefly and, I think, brilliantly described by Susan Sontag writing in *The Great Ideas Today*, a volume published by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica:* "One of the primary features of literature (as of much activity in all the other arts) in our times is a chronic attachment to materials belonging to the realm of 'extreme situations'—madness, crime, taboo sexual longings, drug addiction, emotional degradation, violent death. The motive or justification for this loyalty to extreme situations is obscure. It is felt that such situations are somehow 'more true' than others; that an art immersed in such situations is 'more serious' than other art; and finally, that only art that embraces the irrational and repellent, the violent and the outrageous, can make a valuable impact on the sluggish consciousness of the audience."

This, of course, is something more than a description of the writing of some of our best-known contemporaries: It is also, in its assumptions and implications—and in some of its explicit statements—an account of the beliefs, particularly the beliefs about mankind, on which their writing is founded and which, as serious work of art, it exists to express. To say that the literature of "extreme situations"—of "madness, crime, taboo sexual longings, drug addiction, emotional degradation, violent death"—is felt by its authors to be "more true" means, of course, more true to *man*, more true to that human truth which is the measure of all literary truth. To say that an art immersed in "extreme situations" is felt by its creators to be "more serious" means more humanly serious—more worthy of serious human attention. And to say that "only art which embraces the irrational and repellent, the violent and the outrageous," is felt to be capable of making a "valuable impact on the sluggish consciousness of the audience," is to comment, in the most explicit terms, on the opinions about mankind of the creators of this art.

ALL of which is to say something of the greatest importance about the current state of that belief in man on which our civilization, in its classical beginnings, and in its Renaissance renewal, and in the Enlightenment, which produced our own society, was based. Man, to the generation of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, was a creature capable of leading a whole life in the fullness of his mind and senses: a creature so capable, indeed, of living a whole life that he could be trusted to think for himself, to reach decisions for himself—in brief to govern himself. Man to William Shakespeare—or at least to a character of William Shakespeare's who went as far into the

"I have an idea. Why rob the rich? Why don't we just tax them?"

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dark as any character in English drama has ever gone—was a marvel: "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of the animals!" And as for the Greeks, it is the Chorus of old men in *Antigone* which says, "Wonders are many on the earth and of these man is the greatest."

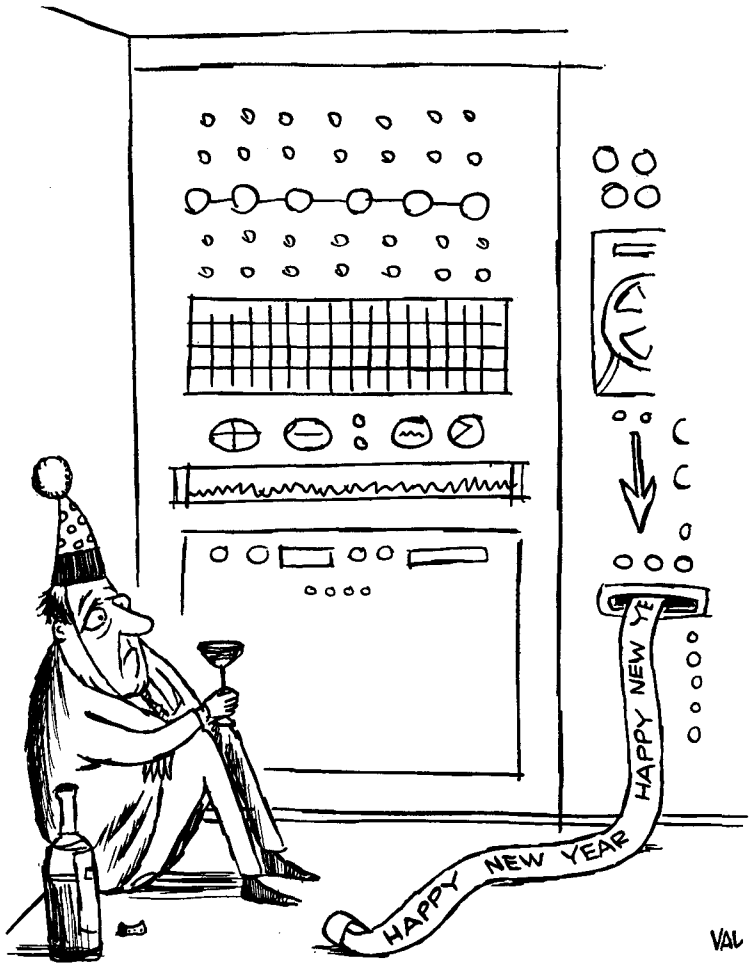
But if Miss Sontag is right, and the evidence would seem to support her, then the principal burden of the literature she describes is a very different conception of man indeed. What these writers are doing—like the writers of the Twenties—is finding metaphors for a new and altered human experience. But where the new experience of the Twenties was a new experience of time, the new experience of Miss Sontag's writers is a new experience of man—a new vision of man—if "vision" is the word I want: a vision of man in which madness and emotional degradation and illicit "love" and drug addiction are more true than sanity and emotional harmony and health and love itself. But if this is so—if, as I say, Miss Sontag is right—then a comparison of the effectiveness of the work she is describing with the effectiveness of the work of the Twenties may serve to throw light on both. For the ultimate test of the work of any group of writers, like the ultimate test of any work of art, is whether or not it works—whether or not a reader, or a generation of readers—or, with the greatest, many generations of readers—can use the metaphor—recognize their lives in those imagined lives—recognize themselves in those other selves.

WITH the Twenties—with the great work of the Twenties—there can be, I think, no question. Its images were recognized at once—and with the famous shock of recognition which can change the consciousness of a time. *The Waste Land* provided the vocabulary of our understanding; *Ulysses* formed the sense of history in which we lived. But is the same thing true of Miss Sontag's writers? Do we recognize our age among their metaphors?—recognize ourselves?—master with their help the difficult figure of ourselves? There are some of us, perhaps, to whom these reflections of mankind are "true." Judged by their works the producers of television programs may well believe that "only art that embraces the irrational and repellent, the violent and outrageous, can make a valuable impact on the sluggish consciousness of the audience." Indeed, the sentence sounds as though it had been written after protracted exposure, not to novels published by the Grove Press, but to the assorted offerings of the television guide. And the same thing may be true of the advertising business as a whole. If one may judge not only by the television commercials but by the full-page multi-color ads in the picture magazines, man to Madison Avenue also is a diminished creature, a totally passive, sluggishly suggestible being whose only conscious purpose in life is to smell sweeter or weigh less or sleep longer or keep his dentures from slipping or go on smoking cigarettes in spite of what his intelligence tells him about smoking cigarettes—in brief, a sort of unthinking, undiscriminating, indecisive consuming apparatus like a sea sponge whose only significant human function is to want and want and want . . . until eventually he wants a Lincoln Continental . . .or a Lincoln Continental hearse.

But if, in the Olduvai Gorge of the human spirit, Madison Avenue man is an ignoble creature whom Sophocles's Theban elders would not have recognized, does it follow that we as a generation accept a fictionalized or poetized Madison Avenue man as truer to ourselves than Sophocles's truth? Or, more precisely, do we accept the preconceptions of this literature Miss Sontag so honestly defines? Do we accept its message?—for these preconceptions are indeed a message. Do we agree, with these metaphors before us, that the time has come to accept the revelation that the Greek idea of man is dead; that Hamlet's soaring sentences are rhetoric; that Jefferson's trust was misplaced and sentimental; that man is indeed what he shows himself to be in his "extreme situations"?

In other words, does this literature work? Does it work as the literature of the Twenties worked? Does it show us our time—our situation—the true tragedy of our situation?

That it works for some is a matter of public record. We have the testimony of that mutiny among the young which is also characteristic of the time; for what this mutiny rejects is precisely a concept of humanity and of human behavior which has become a stereotype no longer corresponding, as many of the young insist, to the honest realities of our lives. We have also, I suppose, the testimony of that part of the academic community which makes of such terms as "anti-hero" an explanation of the age. But even so the question remains—remains for the obvious reason that *this* question is the last and most fundamental question of all, no longer, as it was forty years ago, a question of the end of a chapter, but a question now of the end of the book. For any civilization rests on a single cornerstone: its belief about man. And if the new literature



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challenges, as it clearly does, the classic confidence in man on which Europe rested, and on which this republic was founded, then it raises a question which not even the most brilliant of literary critics can dispose of with a literary judgment.

FOR the real issue then is the issue of truth: Is it true—is it *humanly* true—that the old belief in man is gone, and that nothing is left but this shadowy figure flickering in the half-light of madness, degradation, and death? There are, I suppose, reasons for thinking so. There is Hitler and—worse than Hitler—the thousands upon thousands of "decent Germans" who were only too ready to do his unspeakable work. If this is "mankind" then who can believe in mankind again? And there is the bomb. If man's intelligence is so irresponsible that it will produce mechanisms which can abolish mankind—to say nothing of the lovely earth on which mankind was conceived—then who can admire human intelligence? There is also—arguably—science. It is arguable, that is to say (for it has been argued), that "the nagging fear" which has produced the "crisis of confidence" in which we live is the consequence of our discovery that man is "no more than a machinery of atoms" and therefore not a "person." Indeed, Professor Bronowski, from whom I quote, put it even more explicitly: "The explosive charge which, in this century, has split open the self-assurance of Western man" is indeed contained in the "bland proposition" that man is "part of nature."

All this, I suppose, is true—though one would have to recall, as to the last, that Professor Bronowski's "bland proposition" was advanced in so many words by one of the greatest of scientific philosophers 300 years ago, and that Descartes's mechanistic theory produced no crisis of confidence in man: Jean-Jacques Rousseau was still able to be born. But even if all this is true something else is also true: that there is more in this age than Hitler and his mass assassins—more in this age even than the bomb. There is also the most extraordinary demonstration of man's intelligence—man's ability to master his environment—history has ever seen. Beastly though humankind may be in its Fascist masks and its dictator masks and the nasty political masks it has sometimes assumed even in our own country (its Hitlers and Stalins and McCarthys) the human mask of the generation is not beastly. Nor is the generation itself.

Prophesy is a fatuous business but it hardly requires prophesy to foresee that men in other centuries will look back on this as among the most splendid and terrible in the annals of the race. For ours is truly a great and tragic time; a time heroic as few ages have been heroic;

"So you see, Father, it all started because I was afraid to bring home such a bad report card."

an epoch of vast wars, horrible cruelties, unimaginable discoveries, conquests over time and space and circumstance which earlier human beings never dreamed of gaining; a time which has produced here and elsewhere some of the most remarkable figures—remarkable both for good and evil—the world has ever known; an era, in brief, in which man has gone farther outward into the unknown—farther inward into the unknowable—than in all the centuries and millennia before.

IT is here, of course, that the "literature of extreme situations" meets its test. For the literature of any generation must work *for its generation* as the literature of the Twenties demonstrably did—not for the margins of experience or the backwaters of experience but for the total experience. Its metaphor of man must be true for man as a whole creature, not a partial creature. But is the metaphor of man in his extremities such a metaphor?

No one, I think, could say it was. Within its presuppositions, and for those who are willing to confine their minds to those presuppositions, the discoveries of this literature are true discoveries. Man is doubtless far more evil, far more debased, than our immediate predecessors—particularly our immediate predecessors in this country—were willing to admit, and these revelations are, to that extent, truthful revelations. But are they, for that reason, more "true for man" than that earlier image which survived so long? Go back for a moment to that Chorus from *Antigone*. Consider what is being said. Why is man the wonder of the world? Because the Greeks were ignorant of all the dark lessons we have learned? Because they refused to face, as we have learned to face, the fact of human mortality? Not at all. Man is the wonder of the world because he is master of the ageless earth, bending that mother of the gods to his will; because he is the master also of living things; because he overcomes all chances, all the dangers, finds the remedy for every ill . . . every ill but one: Death he cannot overcome. Why, then, is he the wonder of the world? *Because* he dies: because, in spite of death, in spite of his foreknowledge of death, he masters nevertheless the ageless earth, tames beasts, builds cities.

Heroism to the Greeks of the great age was never triumph: It was Prometheus with the eagle at his liver, Herakles among the sons he himself had killed. . . . And man to those same Greeks was wonderful, not because the Greeks were ignorant of the abyss our contemporaries, or some of them, have now discovered, but precisely because they looked into that abyss: because they knew what we, or some of us, have forgotten—that death is not the defeat of life but the cause that life is sometimes more than life; the cause that man can be more than man; infinite in faculty . . . in apprehension how like a god.

This article is based on a Bergen Lecture delivered by Mr. MacLeish at Yale.

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Saturday Review

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The Perils of Hasty History

MOST of the books on the late President Kennedy have created something approaching a furor. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s masterful *A Thousand Days,* for example, raised an interesting question: To what extent should a historian take advantage of his position as a Presidential assistant to write about events-in-process so promptly that this affects the ability of men still in office to deal with these events? But the Schlesinger controversy has none of the poignant and tragic aspects of the clash between the Kennedy family and the author and publishers of *Death of a President,* a book originally commissioned but then rejected by Mrs. John F. Kennedy.

Mrs. Kennedy's legal attempt to stop publication of William Manchester's book has had the paradoxical effect of bringing out in force the sensation-mongers and curiosity-prone whom the book was supposed to silence. What is most unfortunate about the entire episode is that it brought about a confrontation between responsible and good people on both sides. It would be difficult to find a more distinguished group of citizens than magazine publisher Gardner Cowles, book publisher Cass Canfield, and Mr. Manchester on the one hand, and on the other hand the Kennedys and the prominent lawyers who represent them.

What divides these compatible people, of course, is the ancient, unremitting brush-fire war between author and patron. If the Kennedys had been a business firm interested in having its corporate history written up, or had been a doting family out to commission a "campaign biography" of Uncle Hector, there would have been no problem. They would simply have summoned one of the cold-eyed writing technicians with whom our age abounds, they would have set his dials, and he would have typed out a bland, perhaps slightly soporific, but certainly unexceptionable account of that day in Dallas and its aftermath.

But the purpose of the Kennedys was quite different. What they wanted, naturally, was to retain a responsible author and turn the pertinent materials over to him in full confidence that there would be no conflict between the private interest and the public interest. The private interest, of course, was Mrs. Kennedy's desire to give the facts without hurting her children or precipitating political storms, and without allowing her story to fall into the hands of commercializers and exploiters. The public interest called for an authoritative and responsible account of the event.

WHAT the family did not bargain for was the fact that authors—good authors—inhabit a world of their own. No matter how sharply defined or contractually limited the serious author's original conception of a book may be, he usually finds as his work proceeds that his conceptual template has constantly to be adjusted and reshaped. He discovers that what artistic truth demands be included, tact and punctilio suggest should be excluded. Though this compulsion to include all the relevant material is metaphysical, the author feels it as keenly as he might a hunger pang. This, to the Kennedy family's great distress, is what appears to have happened to Mr. Manchester.

It may be said that both the President's widow and the notable author should have foreseen the unfortunate contretemps. But a common symptom of the author-sponsor relationship is that everything is rosy and trusting right up to the big blowup. At the very least, however, Mrs. Kennedy and Mr. Manchester, when they drew up their agreement, should have had in mind the Rockefeller family's jolting experience during the early Thirties, when it commissioned the Mexican painter Diego Rivera to do a fresco for Rockefeller Center. The fresco that Rivera produced was indeed brilliant, but it reflected the painter's political sympathies, which were distinctly radical—Rivera worked in a depiction of Lenin. The subsequent dustup, which ended with the mural's removal, prompted E. B. White to write his wry, priceless poem, "I Paint What I See," which is recommended reading for all creative types and their patrons. The poem runs, in part:

"It's not good taste in a man like me,"
Said John D.'s grandson Nelson,
"To question an artist's integrity
"Or mention a practical thing like
a fee . . . .

"And though your art I dislike to
hamper
"I owe a *little* to God and Gramper,
"And after all,
"It's *my* wall . . ."

"We'll see if it is," said Rivera

If and when the Manchester book appears, it may well turn out to be a mild entry indeed in the what-should-an-author-include controversy. As a temperature-raiser, it will probably be nothing like William Henry Herndon's iconoclastic three-volume study of Lincoln, or the slashing evisceration of Woodrow Wilson by Sigmund Freud and William Bullitt, which was withheld from publication for many years and has only recently been brought out.

The tragedy of the Kennedy-Manchester story is that people have been hurt even though the story has no malice-mongers. So far as the outsider can tell, what happened is simply that a group of highly civilized, well-disposed people, by an almost Dostoyevskian circumstance, were forced into bitter contention with each other. Whatever the ultimate outcome of that contention, everyone involved—Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy above all—will feel for many years to come the wounds inflicted by this public tragedy.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Summit of Prose

WITHOUT ANY QUESTION, the finest piece of writing to emanate from all of Southeast Asia during late October and early November was Horace Sutton's "The Manila Summit" [STATE OF AFFAIRS, Nov. 12].

How refreshing to read lovely prose after all the hackneyed handouts from Honolulu, Auckland, Sydney, Melbourne, Canberra, Manila, Saigon, Bangkok, Seoul, and Anchorage. How novel to learn that Asia and the Pacific had been discovered and explored before Fall 1966.

I hope Mr. Sutton was in the entourage with the "political press" long enough to have some of his Pacific wisdom and sensitivity rub off.

GARTH HITE,
Publisher,
The New Republic.

Washington, D.C.

China's Place

HUGO PORTISCH'S ARTICLE, "China: Behind the Upheaval" [*SR*, Dec. 10], seems to me the most penetrating evaluation of the political, social, and economic scene that I have read in the past several years.

What seems so evident, reading between the lines, is China's inevitable coming-out party. If China is not given recognition as a nation among nations with a seat in the U.N., China will, in its own due time, earn a seat at the table of the world by writing a bloody page in its own history, at the expense of the blood of one or more nations. Now or later, what shall it be?

LOUIS E. BUCK.

Austin Tex.

Fighting Hunger

R. L. T.'s EDITORIAL, "Hunger Is Still the Enemy" [*SR*, Nov. 19], surely indicates a Number 1 enemy of world-wide concern. Without doubt, the United Nations, through FAO and other programs, is in some degree coordinating all efforts to defeat this enemy. However, additional aid to the U.N. is indicated.

Perhaps this could be provided by U.S. citizens by means of a contribution authorized on their individual income tax returns and paid to the U.N. in the same manner as the recently enacted voluntary deduction of $1 is to be paid to the two political parties.

D. F. CAMPBELL.

Evanston, Ill.

Lucy Eisenberg Replies

IF MY ARTICLE "Scientists vs. Animal Lovers" in the November *Harper's* was "scurrilous," then what shall I call Cleveland Amory's little note in FIRST OF THE MONTH [*SR*, Dec. 3]?

He accuses me of calling Mrs. Stevens an anti-vivisectionist when I said clearly, "she [Mrs. Stevens] is not an anti-vivisectionist." He further announces that I misquoted Oliver Evans. Since Mr. Amory was not present at my interview with Evans, I wonder at the sureness of his knowledge; furthermore, Mr. Evans himself has objected to other points I raised, but has not objected to the supposed misquotation.

Mr. Amory speaks of cooperation between "humane societies and humanely oriented scientists and researchers." This is a meaningful goal but it is not one that he has furthered himself. Everything he writes on the subject of animal welfare is tainted by bias and by his slanders on those who do medical research.

LUCY T. EISENBERG.

Pasadena, Calif.

"We made it over from an old, abandoned progressive school."

Orphan Annie Immoral?

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON criticizes the TV show *Mission: Impossible* because it represents an extra-legal activity as justifiable [*SR*, Nov. 19]. I agree with him, and want to add another popular diversion that may be even worse because it appears daily and is disguised in sweet sentiment—the comic strip *Orphan Annie*.

In the most recent of Daddy Warbucks's exploits he caused a large number of Communists to blow themselves up with an atom bomb. A couple of years ago he dropped an atom bomb, of his own manufacture, on a country he believed was dangerous.

As a steady reader of the comics, and an admirer of several, I regret the presence of *Orphan Annie*. For, under the guise of a sweet little girl, she condones the most inhuman and bloodthirsty acts.

VALERY HAVARD, JR.

Baltimore, Md.

More About Dirigibles

I WOULD LIKE to point out several errors in the article by Arturo and Gloria Gonzalez, "The Dirigibles' Great Days" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Oct. 29]. The *Graf Zeppelin* LZ 127 is called the 127th Zeppelin to be built; but several of the LZ series were never built. And the article says that this airship, "once hydrogen was pumped into its cells, expanded to a sausage-like diameter of 105,000 cubic meters." A rigid airship does not expand when inflated, and diameters are neither sausage-like nor measured in cubic meters.

Another point, about the letter of Dr. M. Fillmore Ryan, executive director of the Dirigible Society of America [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Dec. 3]: The *Graf Zeppelin* was not grounded because of anti-Nazi remarks by Dr. Eckener. The *Graf* was on its way back from South America when the *Hindenburg* burned at Lakehurst, and was grounded pending investigation of that accident by Eckener himself. When it was decided that no passenger airship should fly again with hydrogen, LZ 127 stayed grounded, except for a flight from Friedrichshafen to Frankfurt.

Eckener pinned his hopes on getting helium from America for the second *Graf Zeppelin*, LZ-130 (not 103), the *Hindenburg's* sister ship. He didn't get it, and LZ-130 was filled with hydrogen and used by the *Luftwaffe* for pre-World War II reconnaissance against England and Czechoslovakia. When the shooting started, it, too, was grounded.

DR. A. D. TOPPING,
Editor, *Bulletin* of the Wingfoot
Lighter-than-Air Society.

Akron, O.

After the Cornsilk

ARTHUR F. LENEHAN, in his discussion of the non-filtered cigarette substitutes of his boyhood [PHOENIX NEST, Oct. 22], left out a few. I wonder if he ever smoked the dried flower of mullein? The old ladies smoked it for the phthisic (consumption). Stramonium, dogbane, and Canada thistle will also knock you for a loop. Terrible.

HAROLD MITCHELL.

New Philadelphia, O.

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Diffused Rainbow

CARBONDALE, ILL.

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS University's new 650-seat theater has been inaugurated with the world premiere presentation of *Rainbow Terrace*. The play, written, directed, and designed by Mordecai Gorelik, who is a member of the theater department faculty here, might well have been titled *The Short Unhappy After-Life of a Super-Salesman*, for it is set in a mythical purgatory called Long Home, and its central character is a hard-driving American business man named Vernon J. Falkimer.

Falkimer is a composite of defects acquired in the socially approved pursuit of the American way of life. On earth, by the most extreme diligence, he built up a prosperous business that manufactured a slightly alcoholic health tonic called Viogen. He supported his family, and even refused to break it up when he fell in love with his young secretary. He was a churchgoer, and insured his eventual salvation by leaving an annual bequest to an impoverished church so that its congregation would always be sending up prayers for him. Now he is genuinely flabbergasted that "the One above" should have sent him to Long Home instead of to Glory, where he belongs. And although there is no money or need to acquire possessions in Long Home, he is nonetheless determined to start a Superviogen (for Soul Sparkle) business while he awaits his transfer to Glory.

Since Mr. Gorelik means his play to be a satire, he has drawn Falkimer as a ridiculously deluded man. Unfortunately, the audience tends not to regard him so. Rather he emerges as a near-tragic figure, a powerful representative of his society, unfairly treated by a callous God. This may be partly because the university has augmented its student company with a professional from the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center, Paul Mann. Although his appearance as Falkimer—as if straight out of a Virgil Partch cartoon—is droll, his performance seems deeply motivated and powerful. However, one suspects that some of the fault is with a script in which the crass, repulsive hypocrite we meet at the beginning of the action becomes the only character strong enough to rebuke God for having placed him in the position He did.

The play is also weakened by a contrived subplot involving insurrection within the administration of angels, and one suspects that *Rainbow Terrace* might have been more effective as a drama focusing solely on the social forces that created such a protagonist. In attempting to be all-inclusive, it has become somewhat all-inconclusive.

As it stands, it is still a substantial creation. There is a dispersal machine for fading out incorrigibles, which is a modern counterpart of Peer Gynt's Button Moulder. There is a memorable description of the martyred Mrs. Falkimer as a woman who "can't throw anything away, least of all a hopeless marriage." There is a touching indictment of Falkimer when, after he claims credit for not having walked out on his family, his son quietly comments, "You walked out on us without ever leaving the house." And there is enough substance in the script to have inspired Southern Illinois University professor Buckminster Fuller to write an essay about the play in which he says, "Gorelik succeeds convincingly in presenting the successful self-deceit of enlightened selfishness and its credo of an ever benevolently accommodating, wheeling dealing, rationalizing, and exclusively personal God."

The religious attitude of Falkimer is indeed interesting. Furthermore, his silly notion of God as an old man with a white beard who gives credits for churchgoing, bought prayers, and the keeping of contracts is widespread in our society. However, the play also investigates subtler aspects of the process whereby God judges a human soul. One angel argues that since most of Falkimer's life was hardworking and joyless, and since he never attempted anything seriously illegal, he hardly deserves severe punishment. Isn't this a point of view that gives comfort to many moderns?

Finally, Mr. Gorelik has the head angel affirm human responsibility for exercise of will to find a better way of life rather than to accept his faulty solutions as a kind of psychiatric inevitability. But a little later the same head angel also criticizes God for condemning human beings He has failed to make intelligent enough to deal with the world God created. He says, "That crowded little earth, where everything lives by eating something else! Eat or be eaten! If you had created the foundations of a place like that, could you sit forever smelling incense while the Angels sing 'Holy, holy, holy'?"

These qualities are valuable. And as other directors elsewhere mount different productions of the play, it may well acquire a fuller theatricality to go with its challenging but as yet too ambiguous and diffuse content.

—HENRY HEWES.

"Ah! This is the kind of weather that makes you proud to be in the advertising business."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

1966: The Reviewer Reviews

THE CHAIRMAN: Now that Mr. Hicks has finished his fifty-first piece of the year, he has kindly consented to answer a few questions from the audience. *(Brightly)* Who has the first question? *(There is the usual long pause, and then a young man in the third row rises, his manner suggesting that he really doesn't give a damn but is willing to oblige.)*

Q. Do you think that this has been a good year fictionwise? *(Mr. H. winces and staggers slightly but recovers.)*

A. A year that has produced two such novels as John Barth's *Giles Goat-Boy* and Bernard Malamud's *The Fixer* can't be regarded as barren. *(Now several hands are being waved.)*

Q. *(This is a belligerent young man with a beard.)* Do you think Malamud is as great a writer as Dostoevsky?

A. No, and I don't think he's as great a writer as Shakespeare or Homer or Dante. But let's be serious. *The Fixer* may not be one of the world's masterpieces, but it is a fine novel, and I shall be happy if we have ten novels in the next ten years that are as good. It is a novel written with high craftsmanship out of deep feeling, and it has a quality that I can only call nobility.

Q. Do you think *In Cold Blood* represents a new form?

A. Nonsense. It didn't occur to me until I had read the interviews, which appeared long after my review was written, that Capote would even pretend to take the idea seriously. But of course he's always had an instinct for the kind of gesture that gets talked about. The book is a first-rate job of reporting, and that's enough for it to be.

Q. You said some flattering things about *Giles Goat-Boy*, but some critics praised it even more highly, and then there were others who thought it was awful. Can you explain this?

A. Any time you find two critics who agree, make a note on the calendar. If you find three who agree, call out the riot squad. I think *Giles* is bold and original and extremely ambitious, but it has the defects of its virtues, and it is the kind of book the critics are going to fight about for a long time.

Q. *(From a middle-aged woman in obvious distress, probably a teacher of English in some junior high school.)* Do you mean that there are no recognized standards for the judgment of a novel?

A. There are standards that I recognize, but they're certainly not everybody's standards. Why, there are reputable critics who believe that Marquand, Cozzens, Auchincloss, Richter, and Hersey have written the best American fiction of the past twenty-five years. You have to determine your own standards, and the most that any of us can hope is that our disagreements will help you to do so.

Q. How do you feel now about Hotchner's *Papa Hemingway*?

A. I'm not sure. Some of my friends insist that the book was an outrageous, if posthumous, invasion of Hemingway's privacy and that Hotchner betrayed a friendship in order to turn out a best-seller. But I'm still inclined to give Hotchner the benefit of the doubt. I think the story had to be told, if only for Hemingway's sake, Hemingway having the kind of public position that he had, and I'm glad Hotchner told it.

Q. Speaking of best-sellers, what is your present judgment of the *Random House Dictionary*?

A. I think it will go down in literary history as a fairly good piece of lexicography and a super-duper job of merchandising. *Super-duper,* by the way, means, according to RHD, "very super; marvelous or colossal." It is categorized as "informal."

Q. Still on the subject of best-sellers, were you surprised that Robert Crichton's *The Secret of Santa Vittoria* got to the top of the list so rapidly?

A. I was not surprised, and I was not sorry. It's a wonderfully readable book, and a thoughtful one too. I was tickled when it knocked *Valley of the Dolls* out of first place.

Q. I am a great admirer of John Updike's work, especially his short stories, and I felt that in your review of *The Music School* you were condemning him for not being something quite different from what he tries to be.

A. I know, and that bothers me. I think Updike does what he does very well, and I keep telling myself that that's all one has a right to ask. But I can't get rid of an uneasy feeling that he is capable of doing more than he has done so far. You know, there's the book that makes you say, "What a fine piece of work!" And then there's the book that makes you say, "Good God, isn't this wonderful!"

Q. Well, what about Louis Auchincloss? You took a nasty crack at *The Embezzler.*

A. That's another thing that needs some explaining. I think such writers as Auchincloss and Cozzens do what they do very well, but I am never so involved in their work as I am in the work of Faulkner or Hemingway or Bellow or Malamud. It's partly a question of values and partly a question of awareness. To put it much too simply, I think Auchincloss doesn't realize how much the world has changed since Richard Whitney was sent to prison.

Q. *(Again the young man with a*

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heard.) If you think we need new values, why are you so dead set against far-out writers such as Alan Harrington and Richard Fariña?

A. I'm not dead set against them. I gave Harrington credit for trying to make something of an experience that is foreign to me but may be important. I did think Fariña's book got out of hand, but I believed he might make something of himself—as, poor fellow, he didn't have a chance to do. I admired *Giles Goat-Boy*, Pynchon's *The Crying of Lot 49*, and Walker Percy's *The Last Gentleman*, and I did my best to come to terms with Irwin Faust's *The Steagle* and Harry Mathews's *Tlooth*. As I see it, the far-out writers are concerned with varieties of experience that have not been domesticated, so to speak, for fictional purposes. It's no wonder that most of them fail, but I think their work deserves to be carefully thought about. One of the writers who is really far-out, though the fact isn't always recognized, is the English novelist Iris Murdoch. Her latest novel, *The Time of the Angels*, beautifully communicates her sense that the world is not at all what it seems to be. She. . . .

THE CHAIRMAN: I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen—that is, the few of you who have remained to the bitter end—but, as you may have noticed, the janitor keeps turning the lights off and on. I fear that the time is coming when, like our distinguished speaker, he will leave us totally in the dark. Good night. (*Applause—for the chairman.*)

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1221

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1221 will be found in the next issue.

FXACNACB AD HZTO ACFOTODF-

ACB FXEC NCZKACB, IMF YODD

ACFOTODFACB FXEC YZZNACB.

—BZOFXO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1220

If a man hears much that a woman says, she is not beautiful. —HASKINS.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Masada's Shekels

JAMES B. PRITCHARD quotes a passage in *Masada: Herod's Fortress and the Zealots' Last Stand* [*SR*, Nov. 26] stating that "the largest group of shekels ever uncovered in one location" was found in Masada. This is not correct; in Jerusalem, in November 1935, a hoard of 160 shekels came to light when a new road was built near St. Stephen's Gate. After this statement Yadin continues:

> . . . and this is the first time that shekels have been discovered in a regular archaeological excavation and in a stratum which belongs without any doubt to the period of the great Jewish revolt. This should put an end once and for all to the controversy of scholars; most of them it is true ascribed such shekels to the period of the revolt, but a few insisted that they belonged to an earlier era. . . .

The age of a coin found in a certain stratum cannot be established by the date of the stratum. The coin may come from any period preceding the stratum. There was rarely a family who did not keep old coins, sometimes for generations. . . . The methods in numismatic research are constantly improving; naturally the scholars spearheading the attack on obsolete ideas are, as always, in the minority. Now, while the minority shows that the shekels fit well into an era earlier than the revolt, the rest of the scholars never established a historical connection between the shekels and the great Jewish revolt. Obviously, no such connection exists. It is, therefore, rather surprising that Yadin believes he can "put an end once and for all" to the controversy of scholars.

WOLF WIRGIN.

Bronxville, N.Y.

Weston's Daybooks

MARGARET R. WEISS IN "Brief Exposures for Holiday Giving" [*SR*, Dec. 3] reviews *The Daybooks of Edward Weston*. Vol. I, *Mexico*, was published in 1961 by The George Eastman House, distributed by Wittenborn. Vol. II, *California*, was published in November 1966 by Horizon Press in collaboration with The George Eastman House.

The volumes are available individually or boxed together.

COBURN BRITTON,
Vice President,
Horizon Press.

New York, N.Y.

Atrocities

BY THIS TIME you've probably been told about usage as viewed by Fowler, Evans, Perrin, the OED, and other authorities. But has anyone ever told you that the chief arbiters of what goes into the dictionary are the nation's editors?

"Englished" of course is an atrocity no matter what the dictionary may say. And you can hardly excuse the careless oversight of "except he" by invoking Theodore Bernstein [Letters to the Book Review Editor, *SR*, Dec. 10] . . . I'll bet you a new blue pencil that the reason the reviewer wrote "except he" was . . . his uncomfortable sense of sin and damnation regarding the objective case—as in "It's me."

RUTH GOOD.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

MALCOLM BONDY is nonplussed at the suggestion that "English" may be employed as a transitive verb. It may interest him to learn that the title page of the English edition of an early Spanish work by Nicolas Monardés reads as follows: "Joyfull newes out of the newe founde Worlde wherein is declared the rare and singular vertues of diverse Herbes. Englished by John Frampton Marchaunt, London, W. Norton, 1577."

JOHN M. FOGG, JR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Virginity Assumed

HARRY M. OSTROFSKY MAINTAINS that the translation of Isaiah 7:14: "the maiden" is with child, actually means the "young woman" (*almah*) rather than "the virgin."

Isn't it true that among races with the highest regard for the sanctity of home life (such as the Jews of the Old Testament and the earlier Germans) a young unmarried woman is assumed to be a virgin?

WILLIAM J. GROSS.

West Roxbury, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The New Jerusalem Bible*, page 1153: ". . . the Hebr., which uses *almah*, meaning either a young girl or a young recently married woman."

Classics Homework

CICERO'S "OH THE TIMES, oh the morals" [Letters to the Book Review Editor, *SR*, Dec. 10] is "Oh the times, oh the customs." *Mōs, mōris* is undoubtedly the ancestor of the word family of morals and morality—and, not to be believed by the young, the *raison d'être* of the moral code, but it did not mean morality to begin with, except in a collateral way.

M. DODGE.

Miami, Fla.

IT SEEMS THAT NEITHER YOU nor Malcolm Bondy has been doing his classics homework. "O tempora, O mores" comes from Cicero's *first* Catilinanian Oration, not his third.

SHAYE COHEN.

Forest Hills, N.Y.

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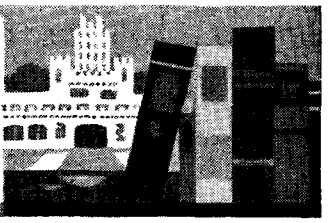
Perspective



World of Savages

QUAINT as okapi or pandas, the relics of savage mankind live on in the thick inaccessible forests of the Amazon and Congo or the fractured, jungle-covered mountains of New Guinea, or they are pushed into the fierce, inhospitable deserts of Australia and South Africa. At the worst, they are penned up in reservations, there to be viewed like wild animals in the zoo and, like them, they learn the tricks that please. Haunted by journalists, plagued by photographers, bored by inquisitive anthropologists, these primitive peoples are fixed like flies in historical amber. Travel books about them (they are always good for a quick dollar) lie thick and glossy on the coffee tables: books that gleam with naked, bosomy, Technicolor girls; startling men with curved penis-holders the size of tubas and nostrils pierced with tusks—riveting the attention of adolescents. The text is usually mildly erotic, with descriptions of initiation ceremonies for boys and girls, strange marriage customs, or the exchange of wives. And there is generally a boring chapter on myths, totems, and the complex rules of feeding and marriage. If one pushes on beyond the glossy books to the monographs on the Aranda or the Nuer, or those strange Bushmen of the Kalahari Desert (really physically different from the rest of mankind), the photographs are drab and the text not much more illuminating. One learns with increased detail what one can or cannot do with one's mother-in-law, or is regaled with ill-translated chunks of myths and incantations. It is only when you advance from the monographs on individual groups and tribes to the books on anthropological theory that the world of the savage becomes a world of truth, immediate, insistent, and very near. This is particularly true of the works of Claude Lévi-Strauss, whose stature in anthropology is in the heroic mold.

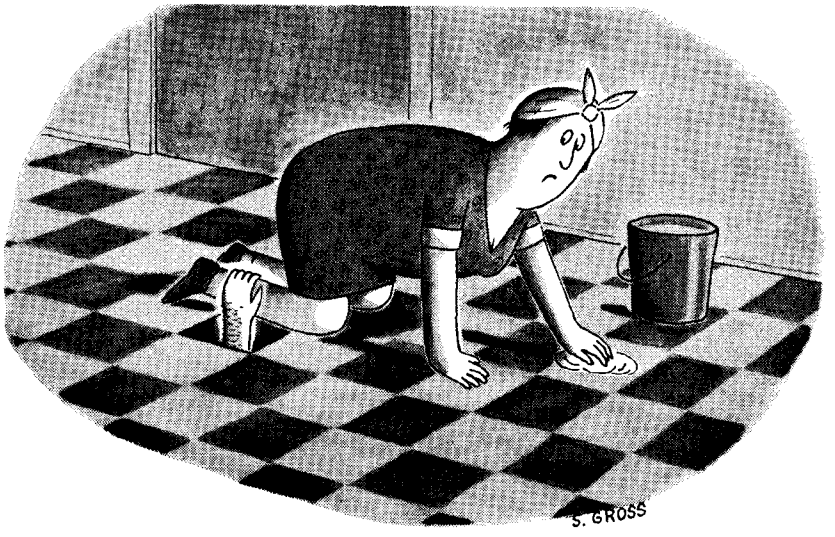
Lévi-Strauss's books are tough: very scholarly, very dense, very rapid in argument. But once you have mastered him, human history can never be the same, nor indeed can one's view of contemporary society. And his latest book, *The Savage Mind* (University of Chicago Press, $5.95), is his most comprehensive and certainly his most profound. Everyone interested in the history of ideas *must* read it; everyone interested in human institutions *should* read it.

As intellectual subjects go, anthropology has had a short history. For centuries it largely comprised mythical, strange fables of monstrous humans—men with one eye or with heads between their shoulders; hermaphrodites; dog-faced tribes: from Herodotus to Shakespeare it is the same tale.

After Columbus's discovery of America and the increasing contact with the Far East in the sixteenth century, man began to look at men as a species, to wonder about the strange differences in habits and beliefs. At first, observation was descriptive and distorted. Primitive or sophisticated peoples were cited to criticize or praise European cultures and rarely studied for their own sake. Aimable Persians or Chinese, at the service of a Montesquieu or a Goldsmith, wandered through the streets of Paris and London, expressing their good-natured surprise in urbane French or English. The Chinese became the models of reason, the savages of the Pacific noble in virtue. Diderot eulogized the sexual bliss of Tahiti in order to denigrate the repressions of Christianity. True, the duller travelers were steadily piling up mountains of fact, but none of this knowledge was organized systematically or used with any analytical skill: very little, indeed, entered into the common currency of Western culture. Not until well after 1800 did anthropology emerge as a science.

How it emerged and grew is told with real literary panache by John Wyon Burrow in his *Evolution and Society* (Cambridge University Press, $8.50), a book as easy to read as Lévi-Strauss's is difficult. Burrow sparkles with intellectual gaiety, and his gallery of weird Victorians amuses as much as it instructs. An odd bunch, the first anthropologists included racists like Hunt, who believed passionately in Negro slavery; Richard Burton, preoccupied by the phallus, oriental pornography, and the headwaters of the Nile; Dean Farrar, the author of *Eric, or Little by Little* (you can guess *his* tastes), and Algernon Swinburne, as well as a miscellany of doctors, lawyers, academics, and cranks. There has, of course, always been a strong Peeping Tom element in anthropology so it had a magnetic attraction for those Victorians who liked to disguise their pornography as science. Yet within fifty years anthropology had become an academic discipline. Haddon and others had begun to live in savage societies, and Tylor had laid the foundations of an enlightened anthropological theory that was to be crowned by the works of Lévi-Strauss. Even so, it proved a long haul. For many decades archeologists and collectors of folklore dominated anthropology, which concerned itself with artifacts and customs and paid scant attention to the logic of savage thinking.

This Lévi-Strauss has changed profoundly. He demonstrates that the savage brings the same qualities of observation, intellectual application, and abstract thinking to his universe as does a modern scientist to ours. The management of tribal territory was sophisticated, not haphazard or dominated merely by hunger and need. Although often inward-looking, the savage mind could cope with change, even *will* it. Lévi-Strauss shows, I think conclusively, that the Neolithic revolution was the result of thought and experiment (magical, perhaps, rather than scientific) but not accidental. Even more importantly, he reveals the comprehensive nature of the culture of these "intellectual dandies," as he calls the Australian aborigines,



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whose complex totemism embraces time-present, time-past, and time-future as well as myth; furthermore it retains a balance between need and exploitation. By this totemism they establish an ideology which both controls and explains their lives in their environment.

But what value is this for us? The savage mind with its totemism, its arguments by sympathy—*i.e.*, to eat weak things weakens—was not suddenly broken by the rise of modern science. Our civilization is littered with savage, nonscientific ways. We argue for many of our customs not in scientific terms, but by sympathetic ideas. After all, young males are still regularly mutilated. For Jews circumcision is a ritual, initiating entrance to the tribe, like knocking out a tooth or tattooing the body; for gentiles it is sympathetic magic, devoid of any proper scientific basis. There is an economic, cash basis, of course, for its practice by the medical profession but the arguments in its favor are similar to the thinking of savages. And their power can be judged by the rarity of protest against its performance. One of the few dissenters has been the irrepressible John Lewis, author of *In the Name of Humanity* (Freethought Press, $2). That, however, is a minor matter compared with the nonscientific enormities we unwittingly accept about race, age, and sex. With the growth of science the savage mind was broken up, weakened but not destroyed, and the relics of it still haunt us. Nor must it be thought that all savage thinking is evil or destructive: after all, it devised ways of life that were satisfying for many human groups for millennia.

And so the problem lies deeper than this. Savage society frequently achieved stability, balance between environment, economic need, emotional and intellectual fulfilment. Modern society, our industrial society, has never achieved this. Many of our sexual customs and social patterns are derived from ancient ways of living, more than 2,000 years old, designed for the hunter and the farmer. When we look at our way of life, it is astonishing how much primitive man's customs continue to shape our action and thought. And this, of course, is partly because they were, in relation to human nature, the work of naked Aristotles, Galileos, and Freuds. Here is an area of modern life to which I hope to return again and again, for it touches our attitude to men, to race, to Communism, to religion, to sex, an area where a sense of history is desperately needed. So, difficult as it is, tackle Lévi-Strauss's book. Every teacher, every intellectual, must do so for his work illuminates the whole of existence, not merely primitive society. *The Savage Mind* will be regarded as one of the great classics of the twentieth century.

—J. H. PLUMB.

A Machine Is Not Enough

Truth and Deception: The Polygraph ("Lie-Detector") Technique, *By John E. Reid and Fred E. Inbau (Williams & Wilkins. 291 pp. $11.75), holds that being able by mechanical means to determine veracity will be useful in litigation, industrial security, employment, and governmental operations. Irving Younger is associate professor of law at New York University School of Law.*

By IRVING YOUNGER

THE most trivial of mankind's concerns is technology. We exhaust ourselves to buy it. Once bought, we are willingly dazzled by its audits of the forces of nature. Yet how immaterial it is to the real issues in our lives.

Technology makes and sells millions of cars a year. But who can say where we are going in them? Technology puts a television station into orbit around the earth, and triumphantly broadcasts a fourth-class prize fight. Technology gives the Bomb to Israel and to the UAR. What then, pray?

The fact is that the only questions technology answers are questions answerable by counting and measurement. History, art, and introspection engender a different order of questions, before which counting and measurement stand helpless. These are the permanent questions, answered tentatively and anew each time they are considered.

Nevertheless, technologists persist in trying to apply their counting and measuring techniques to these permanent questions. From time to time, they proclaim the discovery of a final answer. In *Truth and Deception: The Polygraph ("Lie-Detector") Technique* two technologists, John Reid and Fred Inbau, confront the most permanent question of all—"What is truth?"—and announce that they have stayed for an answer.

Their answer is a machine called the polygraph, or lie-detector. They did not invent it, although they have been working with it for years. The authors believe they can almost always determine whether or not a person subjected to the machine is telling the truth. The technique will be useful primarily in litigation, they say, but will also be of value in industrial security, employment, and governmental operations.

The book describes the operation of the equipment, methods of interviewing subjects, and rules for interpreting the graphs traced out by the machine. It will doubtless be the standard text.

I mean to praise the authors for writing a clear and comprehensive manual on the polygraph technique. But O their obtuseness when they suggest, in the manner of technologists, that their machine will determine who is telling the truth and who is not, and that this is crucially important in the investigation and prosecution of lawsuits.

The machine operates by counting and measuring the blood pressure, pulse, and respiration of the subject as he answers a series of questions, all innocuous except for the climactic one, which is always in the form, "Did you do it?" The recording needles dance no fiendish dances when the subject tells a lie. Far from it. The graphs printed in the book make it clear that in most cases the needles move as subtly as Raskolnikov's soul. It devolves upon the operator of the machine to read, analyze, and interpret the graphs, finally arriving at an *opinion* whether or not the subject is telling the truth. Despite all the paraphernalia of machinery, that opinion is the result of thinking as subjective and intuitive as if it were based simply on a long talk with the subject, unaided by the counting and measuring devices provided by technology. Of course, the authors of *Truth and Deception* would admit no such thing, but their elaborate explanations and caveats in connection with many of the graphs printed in the book smack of pure rationalization to make the machine's tracings accord with facts otherwise determined.

Now, I am not an expert polygraph operator, and it may be that my critique of the technique is faulty. Assume, therefore, that the machine can indicate in most situations whether or not a subject is telling the truth. Does it really matter? I submit that it does not, that even were it infallible, the lie-detector would be of little use.

A sentiment almost universally expressed is that a trial is a disinterested attempt to find out the truth. If that were so, a lie-detecting machine would be a handy thing to have. Sentiment to the contrary, however, the determination of truth is only a part (perhaps the least important) of what occurs in courtrooms.

A trial is a number of things at once. It

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is a ritual, by which society recognizes, celebrates, and survives some crisis in its existence. It is theater, sometimes popular and sometimes genteel, wherein we find a form in an extraordinary incident. It is a social escape valve. It is a device for meting out retribution. It is an alternative to bloodshed. And, among all these, it is also an examination into truth.

Because it is so many things, a trial infrequently revolves around the simple inquiry, "Did he do it?" It usually seeks answers to other, more subtle questions. Take some examples.

In personal injury litigation the central question is almost never who committed the negligent act that caused the accident but, rather, how best to compensate the victim for his injuries. In matrimonial cases the aim is to preserve as much as possible of the family structure. In commercial cases a precise and just resolution of the controversy takes second place to a practical adjustment of conflicting interests, to the end that the world's work get done.

WHAT about criminal cases?

Some prosecutions involve issues of Constitutional or statutory interpretation. In them the defendant concedes that he committed the overt acts alleged against him, and goes on to argue that no penal consequences attach to those acts. Ralph Ginzburg's is the best-known recent case of this kind. There would have been nothing for an infallible lie detector to do in his case, since he did not dispute that he had brought about the mailing of *Eros*, the *Housewife's Handbook*, and *Liaison*.

A great many criminal cases turn on proof of the defendant's intent. A given act carried out with one state of mind is innocent; carried out with another, it is a crime. Fail to pay taxes on your stock dividends because you think dividends are not taxable, and you merely owe the government a certain sum. Fail to pay those taxes because you hope to get away with it, and you commit the felony of tax evasion. Sell a piece of land through ordinary puffing, and you are a businessman. Sell the land by false representations that gold is buried in it, and you are a con man. In these cases the quality of the defendant's consciousness—what the law calls *mens rea*—determines the crime. No polygraph can take the measure of a man's spirit. At most, it tells us whether the subject is lying when he denies committing some act. And in prosecutions of this kind the commission of the act is rarely disputed.

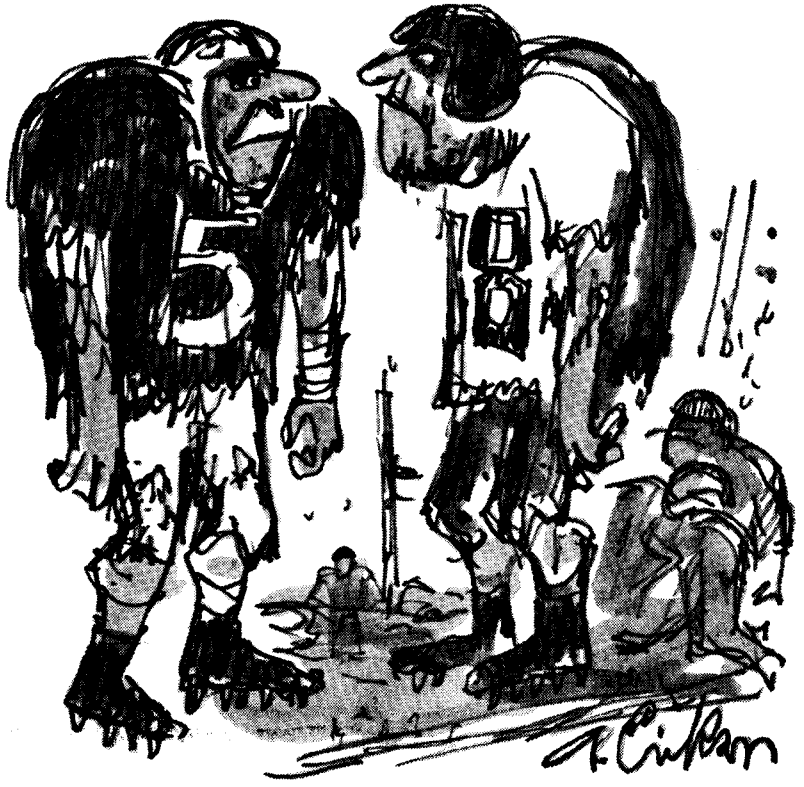
In some cases the defendant is the victim of mistaken identity. No polygraph can help here, since the mistaken witnesses are not lying. They believe that they are telling the truth when they identify the defendant as the criminal.

In a small number of cases the availability of an infallible lie-detecting machine might actually hinder the prosecution: The crime is complicated, the investigation elaborate, and none of the defendants are willing to testify against the others. The district attorney arranges a large number of items of evidence into a coherent pattern, and makes that pattern the basis of a successful prosecution. The defendants are wicked people who deserve their punishment. What they did, however, may have little or no relation to the pattern so painstakingly pieced together by the prosecution. The truth, if it were available, would only interfere with the presentation of the case.

There are, to be sure, a fair number of cases, usually involving random acts of violence, in which the defendant pleads not guilty and puts in issue the naked question "Did he do it?" No unique legal issues and no problems of consciousness are presented by these cases. Instead, the district attorney must prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the defendant committed the act of murder, assault, rape, or whatever. Under present law, the results of polygraph tests are not admissible in evidence. If judges and lawyers were persuaded of the polygraph's utility even in "who did it" cases, the law would rapidly change. I doubt that it will.

The reason is that polygraph tests are not useful. A defendant cannot Constitutionally be forced to submit to one, just as he cannot be forced to testify against himself at trial or to make a statement to the police after he is arrested. And if a defendant were willing, any court permitting the test results to be received in evidence would require that the police and other witnesses agree to submit themselves to it. That would reveal a spectacle of official prevarication (remember, we have assumed that the polygraph technique works) such as to rend public confidence in the administration of criminal justice. Lying by the police is a major weapon in their never-ending war against crime. To deprive them of it would be a more serious hindrance to their effectiveness than the Supreme Court's recent proscription of station-house interrogation.

HOWEVER earnest their intentions, the authors claim too much when they present the polygraph as a machine for the determination of truth. At most, it supplies detailed measurements of a commonplace phenomenon: that a liar's eyes, breathing, heartbeat, and perspiration sometimes give him away. At worst, the polygraph makes needlessly complex and subject to error those traditional techniques—conversation, observation, insight—for evaluating our fellows. *Truth and Deception* rests on the enormous moral assumption that truth is absolutely ascertainable and ought to be ascertained, at least in trials. Like all the moral assumptions of technology, this is too easy. Falsehood plays a great and soothing role in mankind's affairs. Without it, who would want to live? Invent a machine that will infallibly detect it, and we add a grief to the world's memory.



"Who's unsportsmanlike?"

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Forgotten Visit to a Flying Saucer

The Interrupted Journey: Two Lost Hours "Aboard a Flying Saucer," *by John G. Fuller (Dial. 302 pp. $5.95), reconstructs the experience on September 19, 1961, of a couple in New Hampshire who told during hypnosis what happened during an encounter with gray-skinned humanoids from another planet. Harold Greenwald, a practicing psychoanalyst in New York, utilizes hypnosis in treating certain emotional problems.*

By HAROLD GREENWALD

ON SEPTEMBER 19, 1961, Barney Hill, a Negro post office supervisor with an I.Q. of nearly 140, and his white wife, Betty, a social worker for the state of New Hampshire, were driving down from Canada on U.S. Highway 3, in their 1957 Chevrolet hard-top. Just south of Lancaster, Mrs. Hill noticed a large star that appeared to be getting bigger and brighter. The couple had been on a vacation trip through New York State and Canada and were planning to drive all night in order to get home by morning. They stopped to let their dog out and to look at the star through their binoculars. It seemed to be moving, and they paused a number of times. Mr. Hill became convinced that it was a straying satellite.

Then, observing its erratic movement, he changed his mind and decided that it was a commercial plane en route to Canada. He parked in a picnic area near Cannon Mountain, and the couple reexamined the object. This time Mrs. Hill saw a cigar-shaped airship with persistently flashing lights—red, amber, green. Later she noted a double row of windows and realized that the craft was enormous. Mr. Hill took his binoculars and, without conscious intent, walked across a field directly toward the object, which he now saw as a thick pancake-like disc as big or bigger in diameter than the length of a jet airliner. It was glaring with brilliant white light. Behind the windows he saw at least half a dozen uniformed figures staring down at him. Terrified, he ran screaming back to his wife, jumped into the car and, shouting that he was sure they were going to be captured, drove off.

At Indian Head they heard beeping, and an odd tingling drowsiness came over them. Some time later the Hills heard a second set of beeps, and their awareness returned. A road sign revealed that they were thirty-five miles south of Indian Head.

At first the Hills planned to keep their sighting of the craft secret. However, Mrs. Hill confided the experience to her sister, who had seen an unidentified flying object several years before. On the sister's advice, they informed the Pease Air Force Base in Portsmouth, which had received a rash of reports of UFO sightings in New Hampshire. Later they described their experience in great detail to Walter Webb, a lecturer on the staff of the Hayden Planetarium in Boston, and to two technical experts on the staff of one of the largest electronic corporations in the world.

As a result of these discussions the Hills realized that they could not account for approximately two hours of the night of "the sighting," September 19th. Like so many other reports of UFO sightings, the story might have ended there if Barney Hill had not begun to suffer from exhaustion and general malaise to the point where his physician recommended that he consult a psychiatrist. From summer 1962 through summer 1963, Mr. Hill was in therapy with Dr. Duncan Stephens in Exeter, New Hampshire. Although the therapy was helpful to Mr. Hill, he still had a sense of discomfort about the missing two hours and, at his request, Dr. Stephens referred Mr. and Mrs. Hill to an eminent Boston psychiatrist, Dr. Benjamin Simon, who had made extensive use of hypnosis in the treatment of military neuroses during his service as chief of neuropsychiatry at Mason General Hospital during World War II. Under hypnosis both Mr. and Mrs. Hill stated that they had been taken aboard the space craft and examined by gray-skinned humanoids, who were able to communicate with them.

A reporter managed to get the bare outlines of the story and ran a sensational series of articles about the entire incident in a Boston newspaper, much to Mr. and Mrs. Hill's distress. After consulting Dr. Simon, they decided to turn over a full account of their experiences to John G. Fuller, the author of another book about UFOs, *Incident at Exeter*. They also asked Dr. Simon to make available to Mr. Fuller the tape recordings of the hypnotic sessions, as well as his case summaries.

The difference between this exciting, puzzling story and similar ones, is that many of the most startling incidents were revealed during hypnotic sessions with a reputable, serious physician, Dr. Benjamin Simon. The case for the validity of the experience rests then on an understanding of hypnosis. More specifically, is it possible to lie under hypnosis?

For several years I have been using hypnosis in the treatment of certain types of emotional problems. A few years ago I was talking to a bright young woman in a hypnotic trance. In an effort to deepen it I asked her to think of a happy scene from her childhood. Instead of responding with a cheerful smile as most people do in a trance, she burst out sobbing and said, "I can't. I never had a single happy moment in my entire childhood."

AS I was preparing to write this review, I called her and asked about the incident. She remembered it well and explained that when I inquired about her childhood, she became very unhappy about her present life and didn't want to think about any happy scenes. However, now, she added, she was happy and could think of many such scenes. "Why did you tell me that there had never been any happy moments?" I asked. "I lied," she said and laughed. She then explained that at that moment under hypnosis it really seemed to her she had never been happy. The essence of the situation with her, as with many people under hypnosis, is that emotionally she was telling the truth as she experienced it. Factually she was lying.

Many experienced therapists who understand hypnosis have had similar experiences. As Dr. Simon states in his introduction, ". . . it must be understood that hypnosis is a pathway to the truth as it is felt and understood by the patient. The truth is what he believes to be the truth, and this may or may not be consonant with the ultimate nonpersonal truth." Dr. Simon told me that he seriously doubts the literal truth of the space ship incident. Actually, there is considerable evidence in the book which indicates that what Mr. and Mrs. Hill were actually producing was fantasy material determined by the immediate interpersonal experience of the hypnotic session.

Talking about what happened on the "space craft," Mrs. Hill says, "And then the doctor, the examiner, states he wants to do some tests, he wants to check my nervous system." At that moment she was in the office of a neuropsychiatrist who was checking her nervous system. (Indeed, if we were to accept as literal truth Mrs. Hill's report of her examination, during which she was tested for pregnancy by the insertion of a long

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needle into her navel, we would have to conclude that "playing doctor" is not limited to the earth's inhabitants.)

Mrs. Hill reports that one of the men from the space ship told her it would be better if she forgot the episode. During their early sessions Dr. Simon had suggested to both Mr. and Mrs. Hill that it would be better if they did not remember the content of the trances.

Mrs. Hill indicates a possible explanation for the entire incident. When she first noted the flying object she said to herself, "Nothing flies like this, so it's something I'm doing to make this idea that it's flying like this." Moreover, anyone skilled in the interpretation of fantasy or dream material could explain much of what Mr. and Mrs. Hill thought they saw in terms of their life situation.

It would be unfortunate if this book served to arouse suspicion about the value of hypnosis as an investigational tool for studying emotional problems. The pages describing Mr. Hill's emotions when he stops at a restaurant, a motel, or gas station with his white wife movingly demonstrate some of the Negro's problems in our society. Here hypnosis was utilized to help heal the traumas of his everyday life. Perhaps those who read *The Interrupted Journey* for its more sensational aspects will find this material useful in understanding their fellow earthlings, even if they will not find enough hard evidence to support a belief in visits by intelligent beings from other planets.

The Self as a Dangerous Delusion

***The Book**, by Alan Watts (Pantheon. 146 pp. $4.95), restates in contemporary idiom the ancient Hindu philosophy of Vedanta, which sees the idea of the separate self, or ego, as a dangerous illusion. Nancy Wilson Ross's most recent book is "Three Ways of Asian Wisdom: Hinduism, Buddhism, Zen and Their Significance for the West."*

By NANCY WILSON ROSS

FOR SOME years and through a series of lively books—*The Way of Zen, Beyond Theology, The Joyous Cosmology, Nature, Man, and Woman,* to name only four from some fifteen titles—Alan Watts has been pursuing the basic question of personal human identity. His diligent search for the elusive answer to "who, or what, am I?" has been, however, never a hot one. In his confrontations with Zen Buddhism, theological one-upmanship, and LSD, his studies in psychotherapy and comparative religions, the nimble-minded Mr. Watts has consistently played it cool. He is playing it cooler than ever in his present volume, called simply *The Book*, in which he has taken on the ancient Hindu philosophy of Vedanta, generally considered the most profound of the various Darsanas, or systems of philosophy, that have emerged down the centuries from the fertile minds and imaginations of Indian sages.

Put in brief, oversimplified terms, the fundamental basis of Vedanta might be explained as the recognition that the individual self and the Absolute or Supreme Reality are one and the same thing. There is an extensive literature on the subject whose main roots lie far back in the Upanishadic scriptures of Aryan India. In recent years Vedantist thought has attracted the attention of a number of Western scholars, artists, and intellectuals, and there are today quite a few flourishing Vedanta centers in America and Europe, as well as in India and other parts of Asia.

Into the profound mazes of Vedantism Mr. Watts has stepped with his customary assured, one might even say jaunty air. His book is subtitled "On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are," and it is this taboo that he sets out to dispel by a singularly facile use of the English language. The chapter headings set the tone—in all fairness one should say part of the tone, for this is no childish two-finger exercise, in spite of such deceptive chapter headings as "Inside Information," "How to Be a Genuine Fake," or "So What?" Mr. Watts, a successful author-lecturer in his special fields, must know well the kind of audience he is accustomed to command. His uses of colloquial speech, current slang, beat lingo, and even occasional outrageous puns are obviously deliberate devices to jolt his readers into paying closer attention to some solemn matters. On the whole these shrewd attention-getting devices appear to work quite well, although once or twice, for this reader at least, the technique seemed stretched dangerously near the snapping point. For example, in speaking of the fact that the Hindus place their God "underneath" rather than "above" everything—that, indeed, for the Hindus "He (or It) *plays* the world from inside"—Mr. Watts feels constrained to add: "One might say that if religion is the opium of the people, the Hindus have the inside dope."

However, as suggested above, such extraneous bits of jocosity do not mean

(*Continued on page* 40)

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Immortal Bard and Others

By JOSEPH SLATER

THREE summers have passed since the August afternoon when Theodore Roethke waded into a neighbor's swimming pool, collapsed, and died; and now we have the thick volume of his *Collected Poems* (Doubleday, $5.95) to put with those of Frost and Eliot. After all the prizes and the praise and the books about his books, what can be said in a brief chronicle like this? First, that he now seems an immortal poet: a virtuoso of form and melody; a seer of the inner world and the outer one, whose visions shake and sustain the heart. And then, that his stature is enhanced by this gathering of almost all his work into an almost chronological order. His serene and acquiescent late meditations on death are even more moving when they stand only a hundred pages beyond his triumphant celebrations of rebirth; the depths and heights of his spirit are greater somehow when they are seen against the goofy gaiety of his children's poetry and his satires.

Not much of the book is new. Grouped at the end, in an anticlimactic but welcome appendix, there are sixteen poems that had not been included in other collections: an early notation of wren-song, two wry madhouse pieces, some epigrams, some drinking songs, and—best—two light-hearted homages to his elders, "A Rouse for Stevens" and "Supper with Lindsay." It is the Vachell Lindsay poem that all new readers will find now on the last of Roethke's pages, an affectionate, whimsical tale of a ghostly visitation and an ice-cream supper:

> I walked him through the grill and out
> the gate
> Past alder lane, and we gabbed there
> a while.
> He shook my hand. "Tell Williams I've
> been here,
> And Robert Frost. They might remember me."
> With that he hitched his pants and
> humped away.

How right, how right, that Roethke, the most original and the most traditional of poets, who asked, "What do the great dead say?," who thought always of Blake and Yeats, Whitman and Donne and Smart, should seem to take his leave like that.

John Hall Wheelock's first book of poetry, a Harvard College collaboration with Van Wyck Brooks, was published in 1905, four years before Lindsay's first one. His eleventh, *Dear Men and Women* (Scribners, $3.50), brings together the work of his late seventies: poems of undiminished, even refined artistry and of a somber, glowing October beauty. They are mostly about old age, about the fragrance of life in the nearness of death, about the "sense of transiency," "of absence and of vacancy," about the power, even at the last, of "love's fleeting but victorious hand." Wheelock's art is calm and sure. He easily threads a complex thought through the maze of a sestet or the trap of a set of couplets, sustains a long Coleridgean meditation, turns a resonant phrase or a witty extended figure; but his peculiar strength in this book of his old age is simplicity. "How good it is," he exclaims, "to ramble,/Through leaf-green woods." In memory of Van Wyck Brooks he writes, "I think of those I love/Dear men and women no longer with us." And with nobly unguarded directness he says good-bye to the house of his childhood:

> Farewell, dear place, dear house.
> Farewell, dear people who lived here
> and who are no more.
> Farewell, youth and the dream—
> All those years,
> Such memories, such memories!
> Farewell, farewell,
> Cradle and grave of my poems.

Robert Penn Warren's *Selected Poems: New and Old* (Random House, $6.95) might well have been dated 1966-1923 instead of the other way around, for they stand in inverted or receding order, an arrangement suitable for the works of a poet who has always seen the past in the present and stared thoughtfully "down the tube and darkening corridor of Time." At the far end of the corridor lie a few poems from—it would seem—his freshman year at Vanderbilt: charming exercises in the manner of the late eighteenth century and, naturally, an Eliot imitation. Nearer, there are intricate metaphysical compositions from *Fugitive* days and superb scenes and tales like "The Ballad of Billie Potts" and "Pondy Woods," as shattering now as when they were new. The book-length *Brother to Dragons* is omitted, but the other volumes of the Fifties are amply represented and impressive now for their range and variety. They move from idylls of the Italian shore and the sweetness of fatherhood to acrid satire and contemptuous introspection to piercing memories of boyhood in Kentucky and evocations of the Confederacy; from a line like "No toothstitch of squirrel, or any far fox bark" to one like "He would slide in slick, like a knife in a nigger." Ever since 1923, in all we have known of Warren's poetry, there have been power, intelligence, honesty, and taste; there have also been, not so easy to see but equally important, change and growth.

THE poems of the last five years, which make up more than a quarter of this volume, possess the old virtues, enlarged and extended and differently disposed. In seven long sequences, meditative, narrative, and lyric, Warren poses with more than common explicitness such ancient questions as, "Have I learned how to live?" His answers come not in actions and images only, but in straight statement: "I watch you at your sunlit play./Teach me, my son, the ways of day"; "Truth, in the end, can never be spoken aloud"; "life is of life paradigm," and "there is no water to wash the world away." The key sequence is the next to last one, an ironic "Homage to Emerson, on Night Flight to New York," in which poor Emerson, as usual, stands for a sinless, errorless, smiling, abstract idealism: "At 38,000 feet Emerson/Is dead right." But Warren lives at a lower level where life is specific, and he remembers what an old Negro told him about a wart on his finger: "Son/You quit that jack-off, and that thing go away/. . . You is humankind." For Warren's Emerson everything shines with significance; for Warren the wind off the Sound smells of ice, fish, and burned gasoline, and he hopes only for "A way by which the process of living can become Truth."

More doctrinal, more direct than their predecessors, these late poems are also more lyric and formally more inventive and flexible. Warren makes, when he wants to, dramatically effective free forms:

> She
> Whom we now sought was old. Was
> Sick. Was dying. Was
> Black. Was.
> *Was*: and was that enough? Is
> Existence the adequate and only target
> For the total reverence of the heart?

He plays brilliant variations on traditional forms. But perhaps he is at his best in what he once called "quiet, plain poems," in, for example, the singing clarity of "Finisterre," which concludes, significantly enough, the final sequence of the new poems:

> Mist drifts on the bay's face
> And the last of day, it would seem,
> goes under

Joseph Slater teaches American literature at Colgate University.

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But it's hard to tell in this northern
place
If this, now, is truly the day's end or

If, in a new shift of mist,
The light may break through yonder
To stab gold to the gray sea, and twist
Your heart to a last delight—or at least,
to wonder.

Pupils are properly slow to praise their teachers, but it is clearly time now to say that one of the men who taught us to understand poetry is also one of our major poets.

Howard Baker's *Ode to the Sea and Other Poems* (Alan Swallow, $3.50) is a selective volume that gives some indication of chronology, from 1927 to 1966; but its dates do not suggest the period quality of the works with which it begins. For the title poem, for "Destiny: An Ode," and others, 1879 would seem more likely, or even 1829. They are written with force and style, but their flavor of *o'er* and *yea* and *descry* makes them not easy to like until the dominant poem of the book, "A Letter from the Country," discloses what their author is up to. Dissident and conservative, he rejects the fashions of his time, counsels a "program . . . of informed tenacity," defiance, hate, and "frugal narrow-mindedness." "Be much hedged in," he says; "rehearse the ancient ways," and await the return of the masters. In this hard light his archaism is delightful and significant, and the poems that are most his own, especially his disciplined, imaginative sonnets, seem stronger for being part of a program.

WILLIAM Stafford, who won the National Book Award three years ago and who has now brought together a third volume, *The Rescued Year* (Harper & Row, $3.95), is a consciously ascetic poet. "Where I come from," he writes, "withdrawal is easy to forgive." He denies himself the easy graces of his art, "the less than song, the willows/that say please." As a result, perhaps, of withdrawal and denial, of ellipsis, indirection, and abstraction, a few of his more ambitious poems are puzzling and dull. But his dry, hard diction, his perfectly colloquial syntax and phrasing, true to the language of where he comes from, make their own kind of song:

Mine was a Midwest home—you can
keep your world.
Plain black hats rode the thoughts that
made our code.
We sang hymns in the house; the roof
was near God.

His images ("the plowshare brimming through deep ground"), his figures (the Oregon wind that brings "waterfalls in its breath"), are the stuff that all good poetry is made of. He has wit, even humor; a turn for character and situation, and the imaginative power to rescue or create the past:

Time should go the way it went
That year: we weren't at war; we had
each day a treasured unimportance;
the sky existed, so did our town;
the library had books we hadn't read;
every day at school we learned and
sang,
or at least hummed and walked in the
hall.

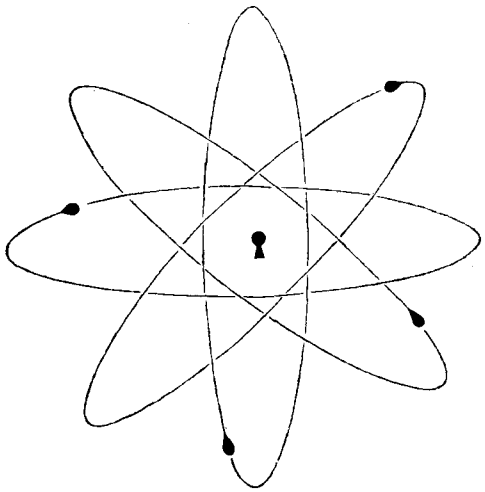
What he doesn't have is any need to withdraw or to worry about a few willows.

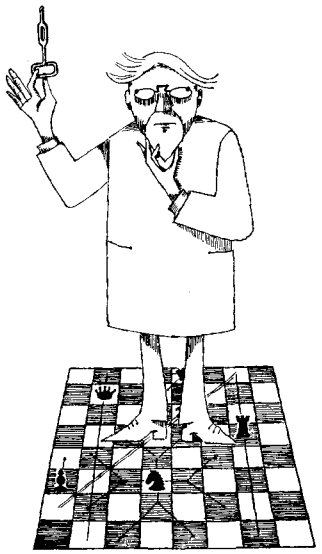
"Is it not fine," asks Barbara Howes in a poem about poetry, "That there are ten/Or more varieties/Of wild cherry?" The varieties of poetry that appear in her new book, *Looking Up at Leaves* (Knopf, $4), are fine and rare ones, austerely spare and understated, movingly precise and true. Her subjects and occasions are ordinary enough, though quite her own—swimming with a school of fish, running over a woodchuck, falling asleep in a mountain cabin—but her words are so right, her figures so fresh, that they carry the significance of experienced reality. It is not just that her fish are so visibly *there* ("each one bedizened/By an ochre spot behind his sickle of gill"); they, like the gull swinging sculptured above the bay at West Falmouth or the leaves and roots of a great tree ("two hemispheres we lie between"), are metaphors for inner realities, suggested or plainly stated. Her figures are imaginatively elaborated:

Like water lilies
Leaves fall, rise, waver, echoing
On their blue pool, whispering under
the sun;
While in this shade, under our hands
the brown
Tough roots seek down, lily roots
searching
Down through their pool of earth to an
equal depth.

And her lines are sung in the subtle meters and patterns of sound that make the reader a participant.

Anne Sexton is usually labeled a confessional poet; an ill phrase, that, a vile phrase. But she is, even more than most poets, autobiographical, and her new book, *Live or Die* (Houghton Mifflin, hardbound, $4, paperback, $1.95), takes its substance and its very shape from the inner events of her life. She has arranged her poems in the order of their composition and given them precise dates, from January 25, 1962, to "February, the last, 1966." The story they tell is about a journey back from six years in Bedlam, from madness to health, from death-hunger to life. Its movement upward is a jagged and suspenseful one, by prayer and elegies and the rejection of self-pity, by memories and sunlight, past drug addiction and recurrent despair, to recovered love and, finally, acceptance of life ("Just last week, eight dalmatians,/¾ of a lb., lined up like cord wood/each/like a/birch tree.") and acceptance of herself ("I wear an apron./My typewriter writes./It didn't break the way it warned."). The quality of her poetry is hard to catch in brief quotation. It is documentary ("my husband's good L. L. Bean hunting knife"), precise and suggestive ("On my damp summer bed I cradled my salty knees"), startling ("I was thinking of a son . . ./You! The never acquired,/the never seeded or unfastened"), ironic, dryly musical, freely rhythmic. But more of her power lies in the sure, dramatic movement of whole poems, in timing, in climax, and in naked, flayed—well, confession. And even her love poems, to her daughters and her husband, which only an actor could read aloud without a breaking voice, are made more moving by the whole of which they are parts.





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Of Plays and Novels

The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising, *by Günter Grass, translated from the German by Ralph Manheim (Harcourt, Brace & World. 122 pp. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95),* ***Beatrice Cenci,*** *by Alberto Moravia, translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 187 pp. $4.50), and* ***A Raisin in the Sun and The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window,*** *by Lorraine Hansberry (Signet. 318 pp. Paperback, 75¢), concern variously the paradoxical position of Bertolt Brecht in modern Germany, a repellent sixteenth-century Italian crime, and contemporary American social problems. Brooks Atkinson was for long drama critic of The New York Times.*

By BROOKS ATKINSON

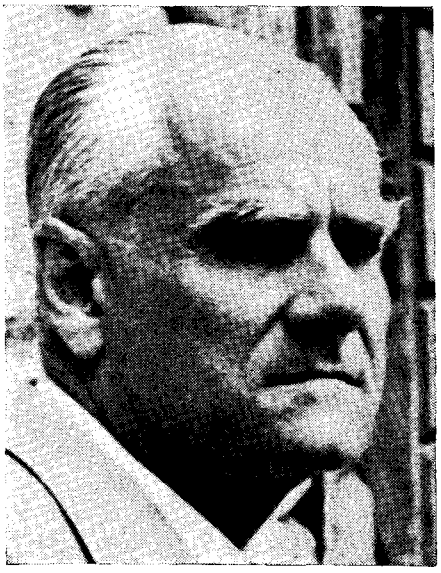
AS ORIGINALLY planned, the following comments were to be confined to plays by novelists. Since the play by one of the novelists (Saul Bellow) has not yet leaped fully armed from the press, two plays by Lorraine Hansberry were substituted; and that has made all the difference. For *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* and *A Raisin in the Sun* preserve in book form the pithy talents of a genuine playwright. They make Günter Grass's *The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising* and Alberto Moravia's *Beatrice Cenci* seem like schoolroom exercises that have a certain formal felicity but lack the energy of theater. Just about anything can be acted, especially if Peter Brook is interested and available; and the plays by Mr. Grass and Mr. Moravia can be put on the stage. But the theater will have to supply the undercurrents of life that the dialogue does not tap. It is difficult for a reader to find in these plays anything beyond the cool and tidy composition of practiced novelists.

In the case of *The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising* the flatness of the total impression is surprising. Mr. Grass has not only a piquant theme but also enough intellectual agility to appreciate its ramifications. He is writing about the irony —the tragic irony—of Bertolt Brecht's situation during the rising of the masses in East Berlin in 1953. According to Mr. Grass's play, Brecht was rehearsing his version of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* at the moment when the proletarian workers were revolting—not against the upper classes, as in Shakespeare's play, but against a proletarian government. After having made a career out of advocating the freedom of the masses, Brecht in the end took the side of the oppressors in order to defend his privileged position as a writer and the security of his state-supported theater.

Mr. Grass describes his play as "a German tragedy," which, course, it is. But the central idea is also maliciously entertaining. Having turned full circle, the revolution has now developed a ruling class with a vested interest in the discipline of the masses, and Brecht sides with the rulers. Shakespeare did not have to face this problem. He had always been on the side of order. In a long and sardonic preface Mr. Grass says that in *Coriolanus* Shakespeare was warning King James and the nobles about the rise of the artisans and the common people. I doubt that Shakespeare wrote plays for political reasons. He was frequently concerned with topical situations, but, as I read him, he was primarily interested in writing plays that would suit his fellow actors and attract audiences. Although his sympathies were broad and deep, he was never one of the Englishmen who could give advice to the government or concern themselves with policies.

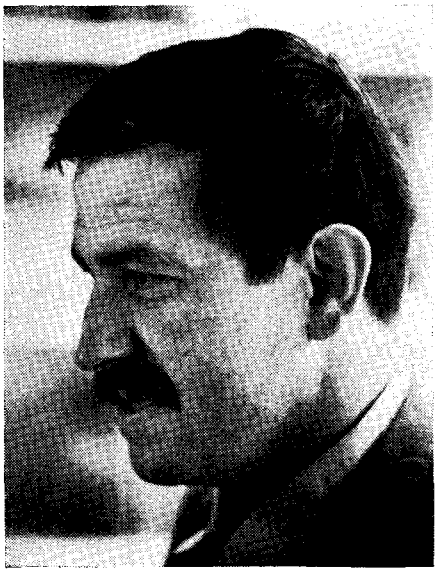
Mr. Grass's preface, which consists of an address he gave in Berlin on the quatercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, is so trenchant and knowing that his play comes as an anticlimax; it seems to say in a clumsy way what he has just said brilliantly. While The Boss (Brecht) is rehearsing his version of *Coriolanus* and discussing with his subordinates the changes that have to be made in Shakepeare's text, some masons and plasterers burst into the theater and ask him to support their rebellion. Since he has the reputation of being a spokesman for the masses they ask him to write their manifesto. The Boss appreciates the dramatic spectacle of a rebellion; he sees it in terms of the theater and the current rehearsal. But one political revolution has been enough for him. He equivocates long enough to avoid involvement in a situation that might jeopardize his position.

Although Ralph Manheim's English translation seems wholly satisfactory we have to consider that it may not do full justice to the original. Something may have been lost, as something is always



Alberto Moravia—a curious impulse.

Lorraine Hansberry—an illumination.



Günter Grass—a surprising impression.

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lost in translations of Brecht's idiomatic verse into English.

Since Alberto Moravia has written a whole shelffull of original stories and novels and at least one book of original essays (*Man as an End*), it is difficult to understand the impulse that led him to write a play about Beatrice Cenci, her primitive father, and a few other repellent Italians of the sixteenth century. It is dull—the one thing that no one is likely to say about Mr. Moravia's other works. He has reduced the twelve characters that Shelley dramatized in the nineteenth century to six. He also writes in prose. His characters talk like commuters en route from office to home—without fire or distinction, without imagination. Angus Davidson's translation is readable, but again we have to keep that inevitable reservation in the back of our mind; perhaps something has been lost in the transition from Italian to English.

In *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* Miss Hansberry developed a theme of less magnitude than Brecht's dilemma or the abominations of the Cenci family. The play failed when it was produced in 1964; after 101 performances it died on the night of the day, January 12, 1965, when Miss Hansberry died of cancer at the age of thirty-four. Since the play is overcrowded with miseries and neuroses and since some of the transitions are awkward, its failure can perhaps be explained in technical terms. But Miss Hansberry was a genuine dramatist with a good mind, a solid knowledge of life, and high ethical principles. Her characters leap out of the pages of this paperback book. The dialogue has resonance. The story has momentum. In comparison with those by Mr. Grass and Mr. Moravia, Miss Hansberry's two works remind us that even a prose play is a form of poetry. Good drama is not literal. It illuminates whole segments of life by the excess of its interior vitality and the breadth of its allusions.

The failure of *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* illustrates Broadway's most disheartening paradox. Imperfect, overblown little comedies and uninspired musical comedies with no vestige of talent run forever. But a serious play in which a playwright tries to make a serious statement must be perfect—although the vast boredom of audiences can strangle even the best of thoughtful dramas. Miss Hansberry's first play, *A Raisin in the Sun*, ran for 530 performances, was chosen by the Drama Critics Circle as the best play of the 1958-59 season, and became a motion picture. If Broadway were a rational place, a playwright who had brought that much talent, originality, and vitality to the theater would be permitted to say something else without having to fight for survival. She would be permitted to feel that she was still among friends. Tennessee Williams, the most gifted writer in the American theater, is in the same cruel situation today. Backers and paying audiences have lost interest in him.

When the management of *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* first posted the closing notice, hundreds of Broadway people and public-spirited members of the audience made a desperate attempt to save it. Although Broadway is a cynical street, it has abundant resources of good will, enthusiasm, generosity, and physical and nervous energy when something draws on them. Hard work and free donations kept the play going from one performance to another like a prolonged improvisation. In this paperback edition Robert Nemiroff's affectionate though humorous account of the quixotic campaign, "The 101 'Final' Performances of *Sidney Brustein*," is superb. It retains the mercurial sense of devotion and adventure that frequently transforms Broadway into a powerful social-service workshop.

Although *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* failed at the box office, it lives in Miss Hansberry's vigorous prose. Even in print it is theater. The plays by Günter Grass and Alberto Moravia are fiction.

War Has No Regard for Reason

***The Captain,** by Jan de Hartog (Atheneum. 434 pp. $5.95), finds neither skepticism nor idealism sufficient for coping with the irrationalities of battle. Allen R. Dodd, Jr., a former foreign correspondent, is the author of "The Job Hunter."*

By ALLEN R. DODD, JR.

THE HUMP and the siege of Malta, the Aleutians and that frozen circle of hell known as the Murmansk run—these were some of the special corners of World War II. They had their own language, their own ways of dying, and they produced their own literature.

The Murmansk run – the lend-lease route that curved through the edge of the Arctic Circle to Russia—has been sailed by several fictional ships: a cruiser in Alistair MacLean's *HMS Ulysses,* a frigate in Nicholas Monsarrat's *The Cruel Sea,* and now a Dutch ocean-going tug in Jan de Hartog's new book, *The Captain.*

In this latest work the author returns to a theme he explored some fifteen years ago in *The Distant Shore.* The hero of that earlier book, a young tugboat skipper, hugs the illusion that a man can run the risk of death in wartime without running an equivalent risk of killing. No such immunity exists; he rams a U-boat with his tug and becomes the executioner of thirty-three men.

Martinus Harinxma, the hero of *The Captain,* meets the war with a practiced skepticism, which also proves a poor shield against the irrational luck of battle. When he is offered command of the tug *Isabel Kwel* he accepts reluctantly and for purely personal reasons. This acceptance, however, sets off a chain of events. Harinxma is drawn into becoming the Captain, the father-image blended of courage, competence, and comradeship. Then the *Isabel Kwel* is assigned to the Murmansk convoys. Finally, she acquires a naval liaison officer, a lad who comes equipped with a full charge of fighting idealism.

This boy's slogans shatter against the realities of smashed ships and frozen corpses. He flings himself between the guns and the smallest morsel of life aboard, a kitten. This seems an act of hysteria—the lad's young widow thinks it was cowardice—but it emerges as the only rational deed in the massive waste of a disastrous battle. Huddled in a lifeboat after his tug goes down, the Captain copies it, using his own body to shield a young Nazi survivor. The convoy has been wrecked and so have the legends of comradeship and higher strategy. Only the act of mercy retains any meaning.

Having made this point effectively, de Hartog pounds it home in an editorial last chapter, which some readers may find superfluous. To fight or to refuse, Harinxma says in a letter to his son, is any man's choice. But no man should don a uniform without knowing that he is signing a pact with violence. To start along a road without asking where it leads is "lethal innocence."

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Criminal Record

Rape in Paradise. *By Theon Wright. Hawthorn.* $5.95. This sound piece of reporting complements nicely (not, of course, by design) the account of the same fantastic case, *Something Terrible Has Happened* (Massie, Hawaii, 1930), by Peter van Slingerland (CRIMINAL RECORD, Oct. 29).

By Reason of Insanity. *By John Balt. New American Library.* $5.50. Here is a true account of a Los Angeles-area wife-killing written by the killer himself; he was tried and acquitted and restored to society and to his two young sons. An absorbing narrative (names are naturally altered).

Principles of Criminology. *By Edwin H. Sutherland and Donald R. Cressey. Lippincott.* $9.95. This is the seventh edition of a tried and proved sociological text which was first published in 1924; statistics are updated, and there is fresh data on delinquency and the prison community.

Wings of Mystery. *By Dale M. Titler. Dodd, Mead.* $4.50. Aircraft that vanished into oblivion play a large part in this fine factual panorama of unsolved enigmas of aviation, both military and civil. Good maps, photos.

The Spy with Two Hats. *By Rosamond McPherson Young. McKay.* $4.25. This reconstruction of the career of Welsh-born Timothy Webster (1821-1862), hanged by the Confederates as a Pinkerton agent in Yankee pay, is of necessity somewhat nebulous because, the author tells us, "practically no records of his life are available."

Rogue Running. *By Maurice Procter. Harper & Row.* $4.50. Detective Chief Inspector Martineau of Granchester police and his able crew (even though one of them has his warrant card pinched) solve a killing that is followed by a roaring hot pursuit. A winner, as usual.

In the Absence of Mrs. Petersen. *By Nigel Balchin. Simon & Schuster.* $4.50. When English screen writer's wife is killed in L.A. air crash, he hits the trail for Paris, meets her double (sort of), and winds up in Belgrade and trouble. No murders here, but there is tricky unlethal crime, and it all adds up to thoroughly civilized entertainment.

"Sure, I'll begin by driving a truck, Dad, but I'll have to join the Teamsters' Union."

The Denmark Bus. *By Slater McGurk. Walker.* $3.50. Barcelona-to-Copenhagen road trip sprouts violent deaths; Baltic ferry a major hazard; tour starts at Ibiza (trot out your atlas). A warm and appealing little story despite its ferocity.

The Venus Trap. *By James Michael Ullman. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95. Son seeking father's murderer (if murdered he was) finds self also a target; much ground covered, but Chicago is main focus; high and low finance figure. Large cast is nicely handled.

Run Man Run. *By Chester Himes. Putnam.* $4.95. Drink-sodden New York cop guns down two Negro restaurant workers, then takes off after eyewitness. Taut, devilish, ably-written slice of life —and death.

Lust for Murder. *By Henry Klinger. Trident.* $3.95. Movie on location in Israel is setting for twin killings; Shomri Shomer, government's ace sleuth, takes over. Author has three paperbacks to his credit; this is his first hardcover job. Welcome aboard!

Undercover Cat Prowls Again. *By The Gordons. Doubleday.* $4.50. Overweight feline scores once more as FBI aide (Walt Disney made a movie out of prior triumph). Let's hope our hero has nine lives at least.

Crack of Doom. *By Oyvind Holmvik and Hans Faye-Lund. Translated from the Norwegian by Evelyn Ramsden. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $3. Frogmen perform prodigies of valor when two dams in Norwegian valley threaten to go bust. Fine nature-*vs.*-man thriller.

Devil Take All. *By Martin Caidin. Dutton.* $5.95. Four geniuses of crime pool their talents to kidnap daughter of Southern California industrial tycoon. A real wild one.

Dive Deep for Danger. *By H. T. Rothwell. Roy.* $3.25. British agent seeks Russian IBMs in Indian Ocean off Durban; lively tale, but less wenching and more spying would improve it.

A Creature of the Twilight: His Memorials. *By Russell Kirk. Fleet.* $5.95. Trouble erupting in new African nation brings together odd collection of folks, foreign and domestic, including an American Ph.D. Peace Corps girl. Blend of techniques not oversuccessful.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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The Diplomacy of Victory in Europe

The Secret Surrender, *by Allen Dulles (Harper & Row. 268 pp. $5.95), and* ***Italy Betrayed,*** *by Peter Tompkins (Simon & Schuster. 352 pp. $6.50), give different views on the "inside story" of World War II activities in Italy. Fillmore Calhoun, a former foreign correspondent and now an editor at Newsweek, was in Italy for much of the action.*

By FILLMORE CALHOUN

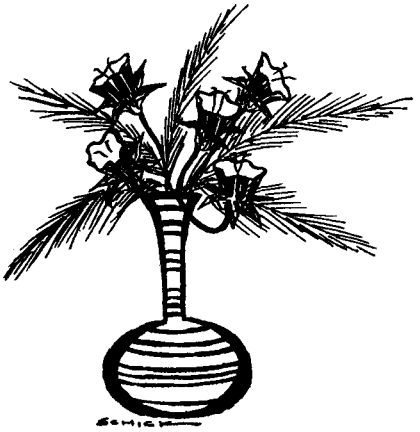
WITH all the other matters that vitally concern man today—his immediate fate, his world-wide frustrations, his murky future—it seems that publication of both these books might have been skipped. Admittedly, they add to the record and throw light on some of the more shadowy corners of the eventually victorious but unnecessarily ham-handed military and political adventures in which the U.S. and Britain engaged in Italy during World War II. But a good deal more than two decades have passed since then, and a rehash of who-did-what-to-whom seems scarcely worth the trouble to put between hard covers, even to one who was in Italy just before, during, and immediately after the Second World War, as I was.

Perhaps this is too harsh a judgment; the fault may lie in the failure of both authors to present their personally experienced segments of the war against a broader background and with less partisan bias. Quite naturally, as the "mastermind" of the surrender of the German forces in Italy, Allen Dulles wants his actions and those of his friends and collaborators shown to best advantage. And Peter Tompkins, in telling his tale of what was going on in Italy while the Allies slugged their way north from Sicily to the Po Valley, wants his villains to appear as mean and despicable as possible. In these terms of black and white, both authors succeed. Dulles does so in a readable, pipe - fireplace - scotch - and - soda prose style that shows he has carefully gathered, organized, and culled his facts. Tompkins writes in flat journalese, and he handles his facts in a way that makes one suspect he is not always privy to as much intimate and precise detail as he professes to have; but he speaks of Italy's betrayal with the fires of outrage still burning in his belly.

It is transposing the chronology of events, but let us note what Dulles has to say about how the war ended in Italy before considering Tompkins's thesis that the rout of German forces would have been vastly speeded up had it not been for the abject flight from Rome to Brindisi of the late King Victor Emmanuel and the one-time Ethiopian war hero Marshal Pietro Badoglio.

THE time-span on which Dulles concentrates is roughly a two-month period from late February to late April 1945, during which his OSS apparat in Bern was in touch with General Karl Wolff, the "good guy" *Obergruppenführer* of all SS troops in Italy. Wolff was convinced that Hitler's Third Reich was doomed, and he wanted to pull out his own troops, and those of the Wehrmacht under Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, before the Allies launched their spring offensive north of Florence. When this opportunity passed, Wolff kept on trying, despite delays, frustrations, and confusions that must have driven him nearly out of his mind. His main problem was getting Kesselring and other old-line generals to agree with him. The terms of unconditional surrender laid down at the Casablanca Conference made the generals feel that there was no way to negotiate "deals" of any sort and no way to surrender with honor. Besides, they felt almost mystically bound to the oath of personal allegiance they had given to Adolf Hitler.

Even when these scruples could be pushed aside, the surrender negotiations fell apart after the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff ordered Dulles to put away his cloak and dagger because the Russians were protesting violently that the U.S. and Britain were rigging up a deal behind their backs. But with Roosevelt, Mussolini, and Hitler all dead and the Third Reich in its final throes, the problem was not to persuade the Germans to surrender but to get word to them on just how they should do it. A secret OSS radio operation inside General Wolff's headquarters did the trick for the Allies, for which Dulles gets credit as he does for valuable work in getting the million Nazis and Fascists to give up in Italy before Kesselring did in Germany. But despite the pretentious claims made for him by whoever wrote the blurb on the jacket of his book, it must be remembered that it was sheer military power, not any triumphs of either strategy or espionage, that brought the enemy to his knees.



AN American who was reared in Italy and who, like Dulles, was a member of "Wild Bill" Donovan's OSS, Peter Tompkins runs his cast of characters in and out of the story with such rapidity that either he or his publisher decided to list them alphabetically in a preface to the book. This helps, but the plots and counterplots, the betrayals and counter-betrayals, the truly Machiavellian double-dealing that went on among the Italian leaders is still difficult to follow. It could have been fascinating if Tompkins had given his characters depth and personality instead of names. His villains are, of course, the little King and the waxen-headed Badoglio, both of whom welcomed Fascism to Italy and helped it to flourish (if flourish is the word to use). But they dumped Mussolini at last, after the Fascist Grand Council had finally told him he was through, and they cooperated later with the Allied occupation forces, although, as the Free French press in Algiers once paraphrased Machiavelli himself: "The House of Savoy never finished a war on the same side it started, unless the war lasted long enough to change sides twice."

What angers Tompkins is that we, the Allies, tried to deal with the King and Badoglio after having had our diplomatic nose bloodied by Darlan and Giraud in North Africa. And what really outrages him is that the King and Badoglio, trying to avoid any possible risk to themselves, didn't call on the Italian fighting forces to turn against their Nazi overlords and chase them into the sea after Mussolini fell. Tompkins believes the Italians could have done it, and would thereby have shortened the war in Italy by months or years instead of days.

It's a strong charge and a strong case that Tompkins builds. Perhaps, after all, what he and Dulles both have to say should be between book covers. The trouble is that both of them made such poor use of fascinating material.

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Maybe on Tuesdays

SOME time ago I went to southern Tanzania to write a book about a man and get some fresh air into my clotted lungs. Shamefully, I must admit that my tremulous heart harbored the notion that within twenty-four hours of stopping over in Nairobi, Kenya—which borders Tanzania—I might be stricken with bilharziasis, mauled by lions, or lost in the jungle. But my seat on the aircraft of East African Airways Corporation was irrevocably booked. Also, I was shot through with inoculations for smallpox (compulsory), typhoid, tetanus, and yellow fever (hypochondriac sureties), and was too frugal to waste the security I hoped they'd give me.

It's stimulating to know that you can be in Nairobi tomorrow if you happen to be on the plane that's going there today, and astonishing to observe that five minutes before you land at Khartoum, which has an air temperature of 94 degrees at 2 a.m., two of your countrymen tie their ties and put on their jackets. But it makes you devilish proud to know that some people still care, and you disembark at Embakasi Airport, Nairobi, with a bold front exhibited to the oldest and allegedly darkest continent.

The architecture of Nairobi is a hideous mish-mash of styles stretching from the barley-sugar to the near-Corbusier (often in one building); the African policemen direct the traffic with graceful *adagio* gestures, like children doing movement-and-music exercises; and the Norfolk Hotel offers twenty-seven courses spread through breakfast, lunch, and dinner, plus afternoon tea if you've the stomach for it. The ubiquitous English wag who sits at every hotel bar in the world, waiting to bounce his terrible jokes off the first unwary traveler's head was also present. I deftly avoided him and went out to the Royal National Park instead.

There are many areas dedicated to game preservation in East Africa—nine in Kenya, two in Uganda, and one in Tanzania. Together, they encompass 28,000 square miles, and they're all animal photographers' paradises, plus. The Nairobi park is small—forty-four square miles—but has an abundance of game, apparently excepting only elephants. I have never seen chummier baboons. They come and clamber onto the bonnet of your car and peer through the windscreen at you as if they don't care much for what they see; and if you don't wind the windows up snappily they'll be inside and taking you for a ride.

THESE were the only wild animals I saw during five weeks in Africa (so much for my lion-mauling qualms); but in spite of the depredations of generations of hunters and poachers there are still some left. You can shoot them, if you've a mind and a heart to, on license (quite costly) and with the minimum of difficulty, since there are plenty of professional firms that will plan a safari for you, lead you to the game, and tell you when to press the trigger.

Dar-es-Salaam is Nairobi plus Oyster Bay, a romantically palm-fringed blue lagoon faced with millionaires' villas with names on little signs at the entrances ("His Highness the Aga Khan"), and a nicely equipped bookshop where I bought *Inside Africa*, John Gunther's compendious *vade mecum*. At the New Africa Hotel, I encountered one of Maugham's colonials, the archetype of the predatory widow or divorcee who sits in the lounge of remote hotels, watching for someone to smile at and hate. Every now and then she refreshes her sundowner with more ice and fresh gin, and terrible tears are suppressed behind her dry eyes.

Flying down from Dar to Nachingwea the following morning, over endless verdant miles which the Trubshawe pilot jovially described as DDA (with an asterisk and footnote to explain that he meant "deepest, darkest Africa"), I felt oddly conscious of the continent's immensity. I couldn't, of course, see more of it than I could have seen of any country I happened to be flying over at 6,000 feet, but the *suggestion* of limitless acres—bush, savanna, forest, and swamp—was there in impressive miniature below me. It was distinctly easy to believe that Africa contains 11,000,000 square miles unencumbered by bricks and mortar. As for light, there's a mysterious quality about it that makes it lighter than any light I've known. As I discovered later, you can sit yourself down on the floor of a windowless native hut and read a book printed in five-point type in the diminished light that filters through the cashew and mango trees and creeps through the three-foot hole that serves as an entrance; and when you stand in the full sun you yourself seem to become part of the light, so that I innocently supposed that I might be glowing like a halo.

THE white population of the entire continent is said to be fewer than 5,000,000 but, not surprisingly, the Africans are the most interesting people in Africa. Their natural simplicity becomes them. I don't know whether they ever ask themselves whose fault it is that they appear to have absorbed a good intake of shrewdness (or possibly it wasn't absorbed so much as brushed off from some of those boots that went slog-slog-sloggin' over Africa), but certainly materialism is the big shout everywhere in towns and cities. The status symbols are the bicycle and the dinner jacket, and the elaborate Arabic greetings have been truncated to mere grunts of recognition, as in civilized countries. But the farther you go into the bush the more likely you are to get away from the city slicker—though he'll be close behind you on his Birmingham bicycle, wearing his imported Japanese dinner jacket—and to find the unaffected African.

You'll be welcomed everywhere, especially if you're hunting, for then you'll be expected to share the meat if you're in a meat-eating area. To be sure, I didn't come across any meat-eaters down there in my Tanzanian hinterland – everybody seemed to get glutted on rice and *pombe*, the native beer—but there are plenty, and they're becoming (not to shirk a pun) a bone of contention between the two sections of the administration that have to do with game preservation and native welfare. "Kill the game for food and Africa's wild life will diminish to the point of invisibility," is the shout on one side. "Feed all natives meat and they'll become big, strong, and intelligent enough to govern

(*Continued on page* 35)

—*Tanzania Information Service.*

Msukuma tribal dancer—"Getting used to Africa's pace takes time; it's part of the continent's great charm."

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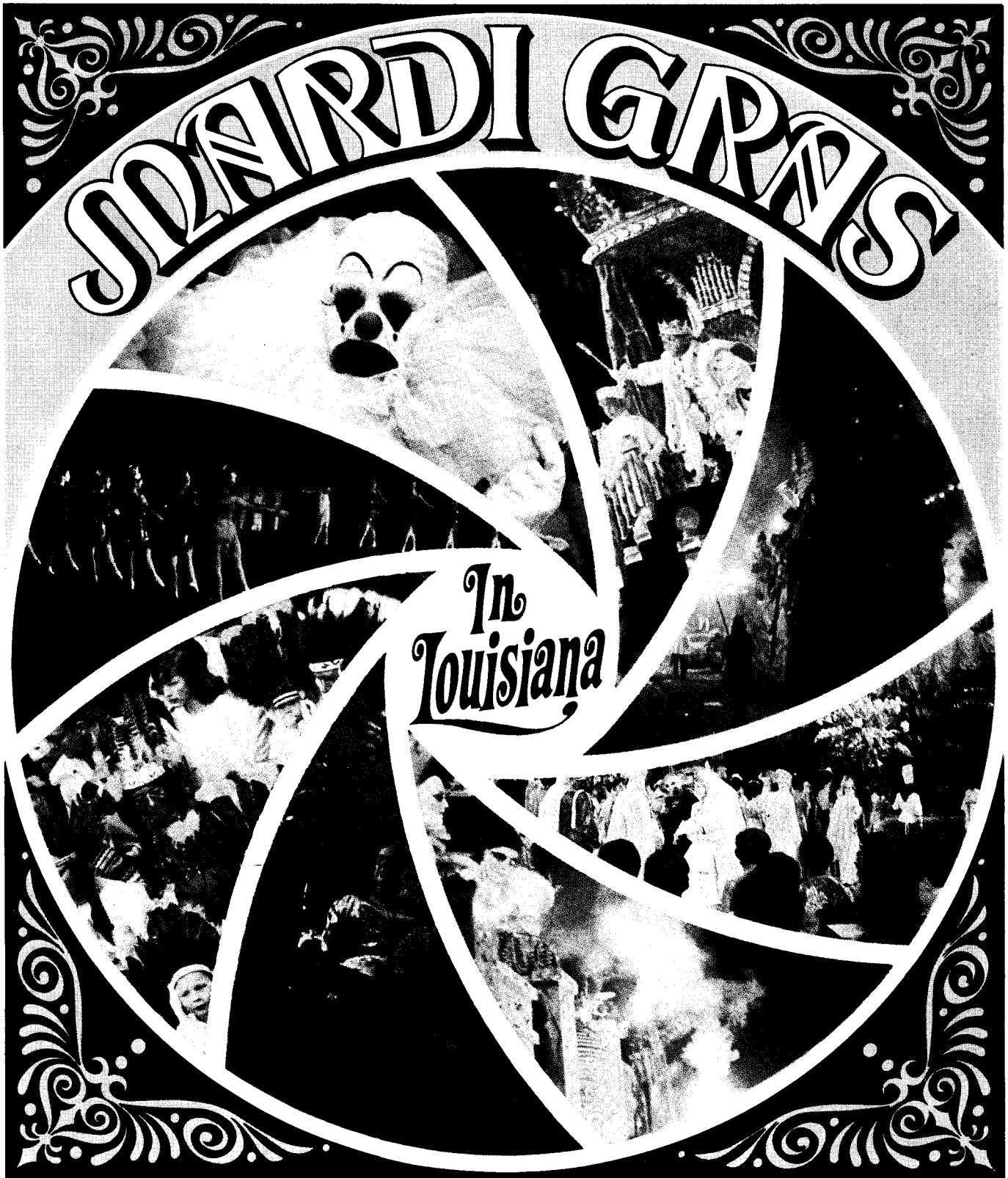

Louisianians say that a breakfast of crepes and champagne on Fat Tuesday will bring you luck the rest of the year. Certainly it's a gala and unusual way to begin the most gala and unusual day of your life. Mardi Gras this year is February 7, but the heart of the Carnival Season begins about two weeks earlier. Torchlit parades, the holiday spirit, balls as sumptuous as the Court of Byzantium, everybody feeling the mounting sense of excitement and romance. Then, finally, the glorious climax arrives—a major day to remember in the Louisiana vacation you'll never forget.

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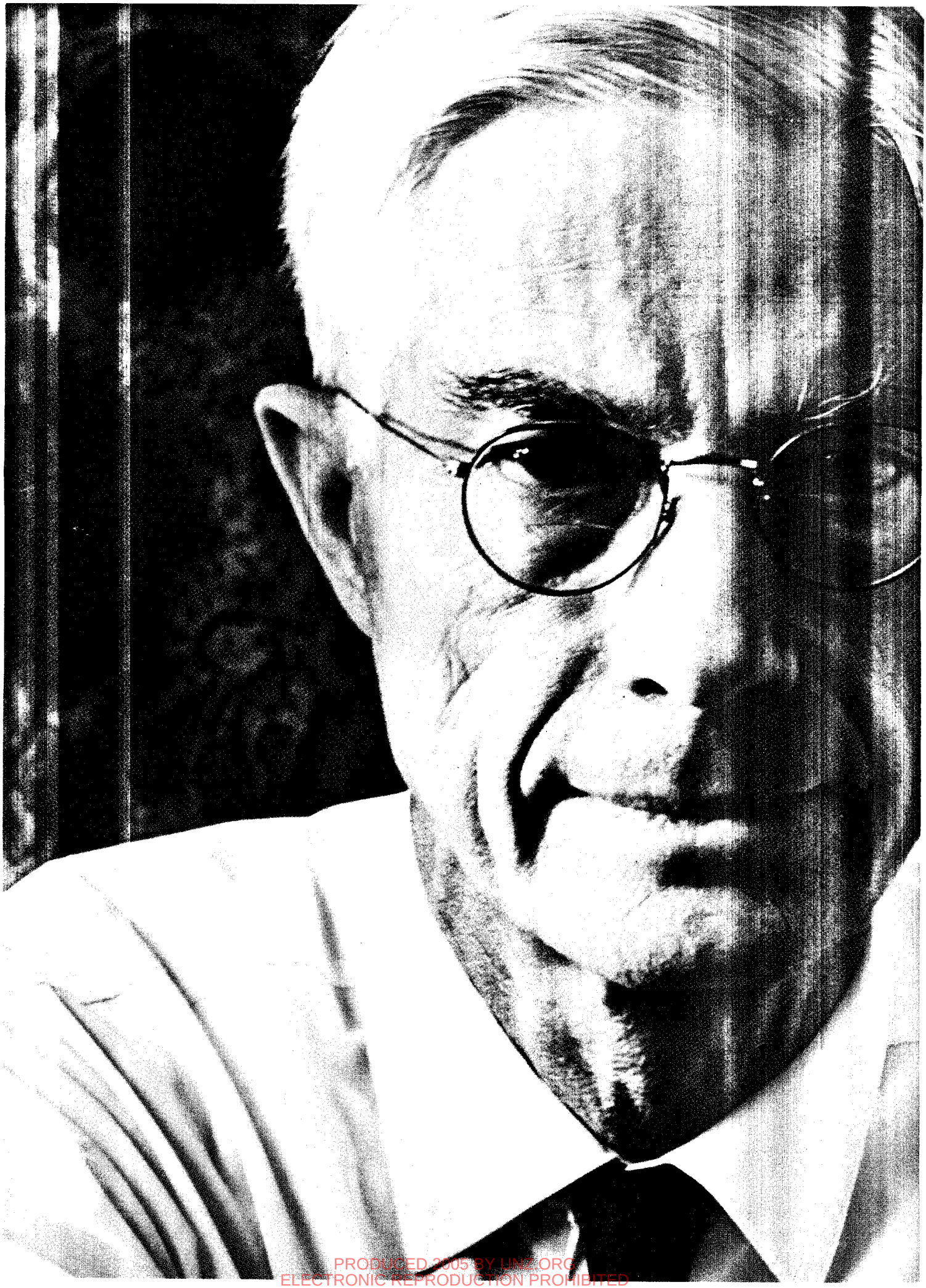

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This astronomer studies the moon's orbit for clues to the universe.

What's he doing at IBM?

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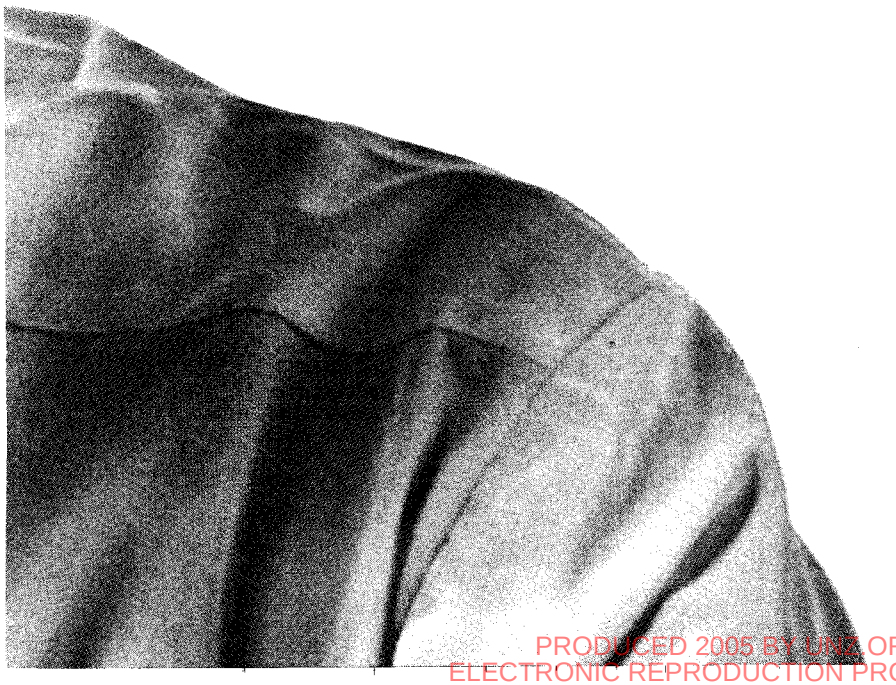

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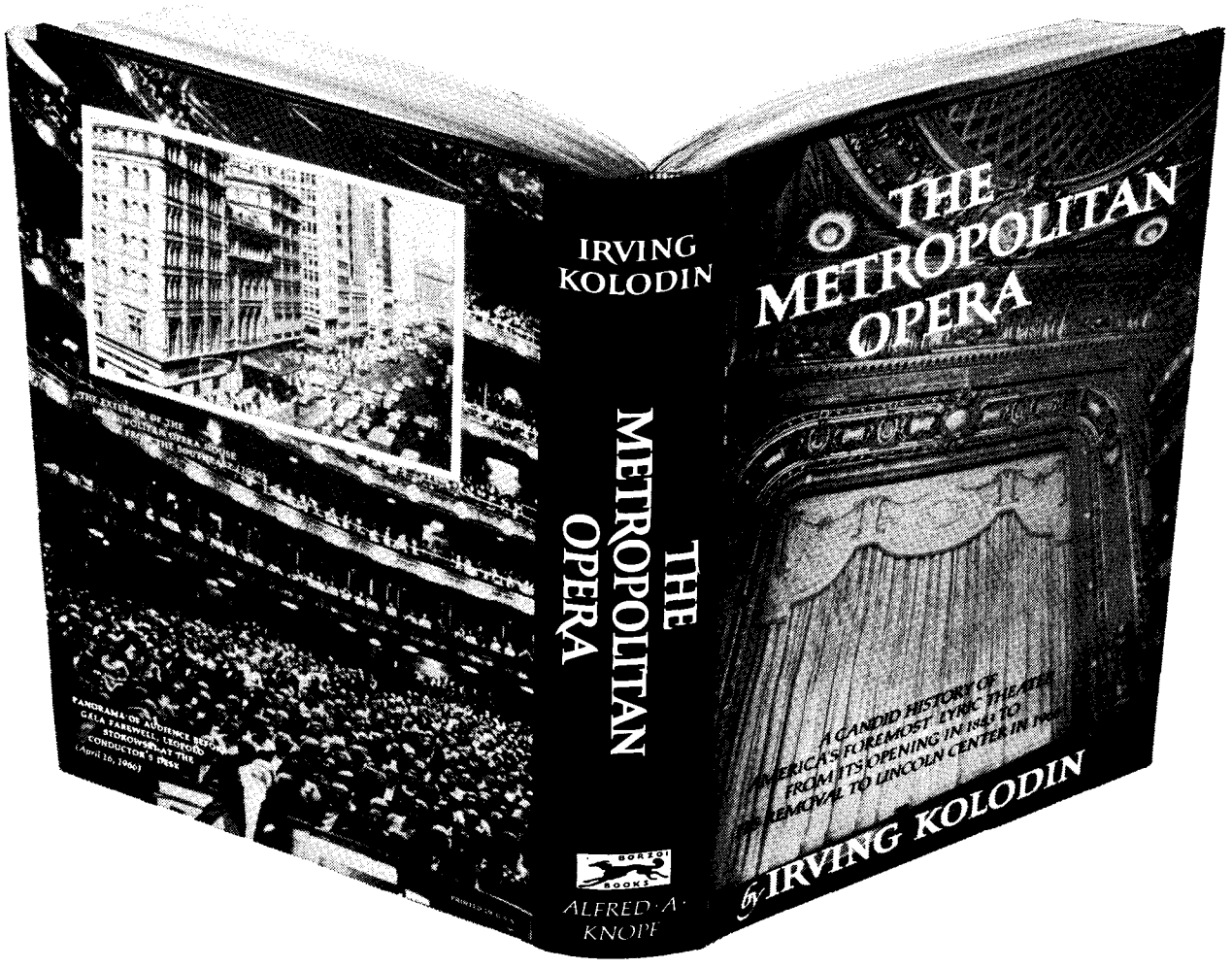
A candid history of the "Met" from the first note of Faust in 1883 to the Gala Farewell this year before its move to Lincoln Center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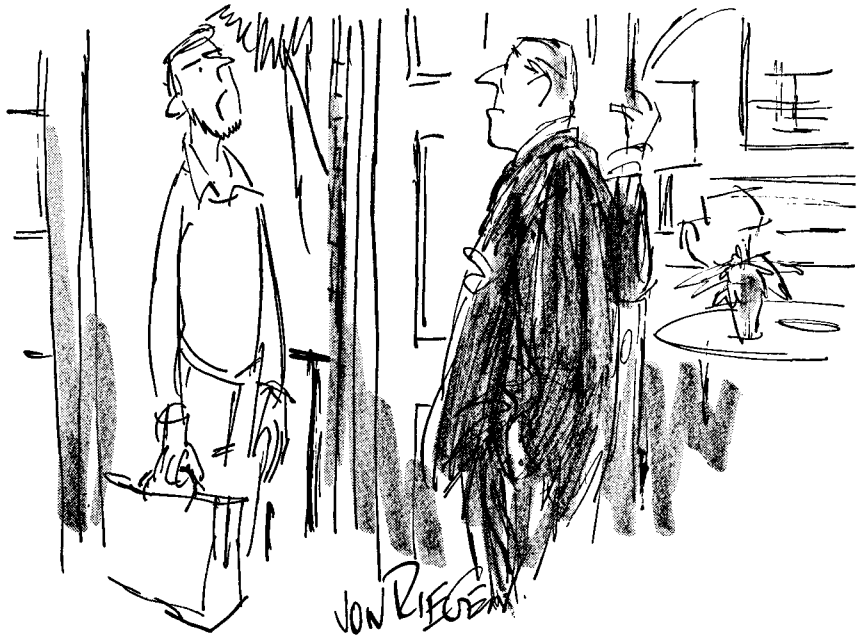


"I'm selling magazine subscriptions to raise bail money for some fraternity brothers."

Continued from page 30

themselves without disaster," is the cry from the other touchline.

Africans sit around a lot. A *mañana* policy is something for them to brood over, and they take their time doing it. This brooding indolence, which I, idle by nature, find extremely attractive, gets into every corner of life. It's part of the great charm of Africa that time, as well as space, seems limitless.

Even such machinery as there is around Africa seems to pause every now and again to have a good long look at its own navel. I saw, several times, Goanese tailors trundling away with moderate busyness at their sewing machines—which turn out, apparently unaided, innumerable bra-and-bikini sets—when suddenly the machines stopped sewing. With the rhythm of life thus displaced there was nothing to do but prod about in the machine. An enormous, fascinated crowd quickly gathered to witness the prodding; then followed the fine, slow, careless rapture of laughter.

GETTING used to Africa's pace takes time, especially in the bush. One's notions of what is right and proper, of what constitutes efficiency, are constantly under pressure. I had a last experience of this when I left. After five weeks of this decent unhaste, I got myself with difficulty to the little local airport fifteen minutes before the advertised starting time of my plane. I had to make connections at Dar-es-Salaam and Nairobi to get me back to London in time for an appointment that had once seemed important. The two Indian clerks were in the office with their feet on the passengers' waiting bench. I was the only passenger. "We have twenty kilos of freight, please," one of them said, smiling and yawning at the same time, "and one passenger. But no passenger comes."

"Me," I said.

They considered this with amazement and then suspicion. I showed them my airline ticket. Immediately they swung their feet to the floor and greeted me with laughter and enthusiasm. One of them pushed the top off a bottle of Coke for me and added salt with an extraordinarily effervescent effect. Great waterfalls of foam were undammed. More laughter and delight. Then sudden inanition again. Silence. Outside on the brilliantly sunlit airstrip the toy fire engine, with its crew of plastic-visored African boys, waited. Five minutes passed. Suddenly one of the clerks smiled beamingly at me. "No plane today," he said. "There is fault in the technical engine. He cannot land. Back to Dar-es-Salaam. Next plane Saturday. We will make you a seat on it."

I had my seat on it. It was full of farmers, a goat, and some refrigerated flowers made into wreaths. A Trubshawe smiled knowingly up at them. "Someone's bought it." We exchanged some pleasant banter and he walked to the front of the cabin, presumably to see if anyone was flying the airplane. I opened *Inside Africa* and read the preface: "Africa is the place where airplanes run on Tuesdays—maybe."

—ALAN WYKES.

Mr. Wykes lives in Reading, England. His books include *Snake Man, Gambling,* and *The Great Yacht Race* (co-author).

Chess Corner—No. 108

THE intuitive touch—the instinctive, weighty factor in winning chess—is hardly ever stressed in textbooks. Possessed in varying degrees by all good players, it is self-acquired and cannot be taught in formal ways.

Its highest manifestation is in the flair for decisive combination, usually triggered by the sacrifice of material, even when the consequences are beyond calculation.

The intuitive player is willing—nay, eager—to risk his judgment. But his speculations must continue to pay off. Else, he is just another woodpusher.

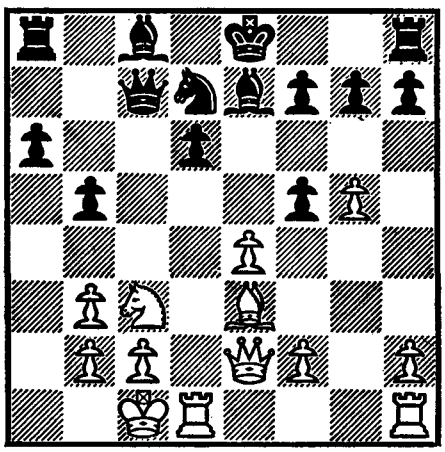
In the Sicilian Defense below, played by Velimirovic vs. Sofrevski in the twenty-first Yugoslav championship, observe 14 N-B5. White parts with a Knight for positional and combinative considerations, which he hopes will add up to more than the piece. Of course, the sacrifice must be accepted, when the game is rife with dynamic potential.

White wins this one. The result, however, could have been reversed, had Black found a sufficient defense in time.

That White, under exhaustive analysis, was justified in taking his initial risk is beside the point. For chess is not pure reason. There is inspiration, a mote of luck, even a bit of chicanery. And the time clock.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Velimirovic White	Sofrevski Black	Velimirovic White	Sofrevski Black
1 P-K4	P-QB4	8 Q-K2	P-QR3
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	9 O-O-O	Q-B2
3 P-Q4	PxP	10 B-N3	N-QR4
4 NxP	P-K3	11 P-N4	P-QN4
5 N-QB3	P-Q3	12 P-N5	NxBch
6 B-K3	N-B3	13 RPxN	N-Q2
7 B-QB4	B-K2	14 N-B5	PxN



15 N-Q5	Q-Q1	20 KR-N1ch	B-N2
16 PxP	O-O	21 BxN	PxB
17 P-B6	PxP	22 QxKP	P-B3
18 B-Q4	N-K4	23 N-K7ch	K-B2
19 PxP	BxP	24 Q-R5ch	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

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Starting the New Year Wrong

PROBABLY EVERYONE concerned with *After the Fox*, a completely exemplary lot, was so busy congratulating himself for being found in such august company (Peter Sellers, Vittorio De Sica, Neil Simon, and composer Burt Bacharach) that he completely overlooked the fact that there was also a little matter of getting a show on the road. My guess, as a disinterested outsider, would be that the prime culprit in this comedy that never succeeds in being really funny is the protean Mr. Sellers, who turns up in no less than eight guises—all of them thin enough to let the audience in on the fact that it really is Mr. Sellers.

As an Italian con man and escape artist, he has every opportunity to be as put upon and yet as triumphant as his Inspector Clouseau in *The Pink Panther*. In fact, climax of the picture is a Sennett-like car chase that is perilously similar to the smash-bang finale of that earlier film. (It is always perilous to imitate something if you can't do it as well.) But Sellers throughout seems more concerned with having an abundance of footage than with making something of it. Everyone connected with the film, particularly Sellers, is apparently convinced that to bring down the house all he need do is roll his big, brown eyes. Alas, not so.

This is especially unfortunate because, at bottom, *After the Fox* has a very sound comic idea. According to Neil Simon's screenplay, Sellers escapes from jail to mastermind the hijacking of $3,000,000 in gold bullion from Akim Tamiroff in Egypt. The caper is successful, but the big problem is how to land the bulky bars in Italy. Simon's ingenious solution is to have Sellers pretend to direct a neorealist movie in a coastal village, with the villagers, as extras, helping to unload the contraband merchandise. In addition, for authenticity he has Sellers contact a fading movie actor (Victor Mature) to star in the film—entices him, in fact, by dangling in front of him his nubile and succulent sister (played by Britt Ekland, who happens to be Peter Sellers's wife). In the ensuing hodgepodge, only Mature acquits himself well. For the rest, one suspects that the screenplay lost its shape in Sellers's eagerness to dominate the proceedings, and wonders why so eminent a director as Vittorio De Sica permitted himself to get mixed up in them—and since he did, why he did not exert himself more. Actually, so skillful is Simon's plotting, and so slovenly its execution, that it seems almost a shame the producers didn't follow it to perpetrate a real crime instead of merely a cinematic one.

"If you'll put that gun away, sir, it will be my pleasure to inform you that you are our 100th robber and we have many gifts and surprises for you."

A SIMILAR complaint might be lodged against *Funeral in Berlin*, the successor to *The Ipcress File*, except that here it is the script, by Evan Jones, that is primarily at fault. Admittedly, Len Deighton, who created the soulless, cynical Harry Palmer, is a complicated plotter; but Jones insists on explaining everything at such length that not only does the spectator become hopelessly confused, but there is scarcely time to cram in the action that one rightfully expects from a film of this sort. In this newest Palmer adventure, the ever-reluctant spy is sent to Berlin to bring back a Russian Intelligence officer (beautifully played by Oscar Homolka) who is reputedly disenchanted with Communism and ready to defect to the West. A seemingly simple assignment becomes far more difficult, however, when Palmer encounters an attractive Israeli girl (Eva Renzi) bent on recovering money secreted in Swiss bank accounts by Nazi war criminals; the duplicity of his former black-market crony and British agent (Paul Hubschmid); and the double game being played by the Russian. But where all of this should intrigue us, along with innumerable views of both sides of the Berlin Wall, it emerges as flat as Michael Caine's walk and as inscrutable as his smile. Perhaps the smile is to suggest that he knows something we don't know—but long before *Funeral in Berlin* is over, it's something we don't really care to know.

Thanks to *Playboy*, and Jane Fonda's well-publicized suit against that publication for alleged "invasion of privacy," her newest film, *The Game Is Over* (directed in France by husband Roger Vadim), does not arrive on these shores as precisely an unknown quantity. Suffice it to say that the plot, supposedly derived from an Emile Zola novel, concerns itself with a faithless young wife who betrays her husband with his own son; and that Jane Fonda, who often looks startlingly like Henry Fonda in drag, lacks the emotional depths to plumb the wife's role, just as she lacks the physical accoutrements—no matter how she may flaunt them—to make a convincing seductress. Claude Renoir has worked miracles of photography in creating the hothouse atmosphere in which much of the action transpires, plus some sharp, Sheeler-like exteriors that are quite breathtaking. But after seeing this film, one wonders what "privacy" Miss Fonda has left to invade. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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The Discovery of Freshness

GEORGE SZELL was invited by *The Bell Telephone Hour* (NBC) to be the subject of one of its new television music documentaries. Nathan Kroll, producer-director, said to the conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra: "We want to retain the honesty and integrity that is George Szell." "That's hard to believe," the latter replied, "but if this is the approach, I am interested." The result of the collaboration, shown recently, was a brilliant program, the most successful of the Bell series to date, and the first to achieve the sponsor's objective, which is to make statements about the world of contemporary music that are worthy of the attention of an alert, discriminating audience [see TV AND RADIO, Dec. 10].

The program, deceptively simple, spent no time with matters extraneous to Mr. Szell's dedication to his work. Even the conventional shots of faces in the audience were introduced only at the end of the program. No producer, unfortunately, has yet found a way to shoot a symphonic orchestra without vapid forests of violin bows and the nonevocative ears of oboe players; yet even these were happily limited. Neither were there any snippets of compositions, either in rehearsals or performance. The Finale of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was played in full; lengthy portions of Brahms's *Academic Festival Overture* and of Alban Berg's Violin Concerto were the only other musical building blocks. Between them were placed two episodes illustrating the orchestra leader's work as a teacher of young conductors. In one he gave his opinion on the matter of choosing one of two Third Movements that Mendelssohn wrote for his First Symphony; in the other, he taught and demonstrated stick technique to several students.

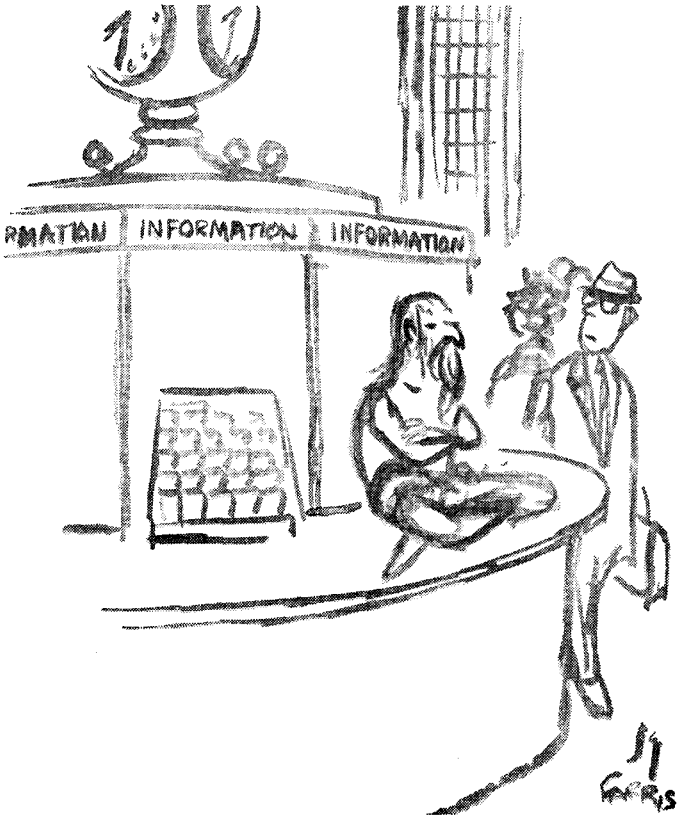
The economy of elements enabled the producer to penetrate to a basic vision of Szell's qualities, as well as to sustain and elaborate the major intellectual theme of the program so that it produced a sense of climax. Mr. Kroll, an accomplished musician, went at once to the heart of the matter—the unique combination of cognitive and emotional qualities which characterizes George Szell's conducting and teaching. The man looks like a Prussian general; yet he has the soul of an Italian. Possessed of a rigorous mind, he is not afraid of sentiment. On the podium, at the piano, in discussions with students, the cameras and microphones reiterated his knowledge, skill, respect for others, and his musical wisdom.

A sudden light in the eye during a passage, a smile, a whispered "well done" to a musician bespoke the artist; scrupulous attention to details, an unwillingness to risk anything to chance revealed the disciplinarian. Szell, debating with his concert-master the inconsistency of a composer's markings, said: "They [the composers] want us to be imaginative in the direction of their thinking—not just robots who execute an order." To a student-conductor, on the importance of preparation for playing he said: "Every piece of music should start inside the player before he plays the first note." The off-camera commentary, written and spoken by Irving Kolodin, *SR*'s music editor, was incisive, lucid, perceptive, and contributed notably to the portrait of Szell. "The art of conducting," said the commentator, "might be described as the politics of the impossible—to make a hundred men play like one . . . Szell's pursuit of the impossible presumes that his function is not to be satisfied, that his charter of office is the right to be difficult, that his oath of leadership is to demand of all more than any individual could achieve on his own." Kroll, during the shooting of the program, asked the conductor to talk about how he could find freshness of interpretation in Beethoven's Fifth, which he had played 3,000 times. "Let's not talk about it," Szell replied. "Let's show it."

The audience's involvement in the discovery of freshness was the program's triumph. Szell asked for an exaggeration of the staccato in one passage from the *Academic Festival Overture*. "It's a students' song, with a very funny, silly text, and it has to be more sarcastic." He demanded a bit more "pedantry" at another passage. He remarked, during a rehearsal of the Beethoven Finale: "Too much accent . . . try to float it. Ah, that's better!" And the audience felt the floating. Mr. Kolodin spoke the last sentence of his commentary just before the orchestra addressed itself to the Beethoven performance. It echoed the program's fundamental notion, and sounded the chord for the excitement, illuminated by understanding, that followed. "Szell's objective is to make of the mathematics of Beethoven's Finale, its quarters and halves, eighths and sixteenths, dots and rests, a living, flowing, pulse of music."

THE trio of conductor, producer, and commentator took viewers behind the scenes in more than a literal sense. The program offered a paradigm for the new *Bell Telephone Hour*. One cannot always have a George Szell for a subject but one can always enlist critical intelligences to search for and discover an essential insight—and make visible to the mind what escapes the eye.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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Art Over the Counter

FOR SOME MONTHS now, I have watched the current courtship of art by department and specialty stores, by mail order and discount houses, with suspended hope. But I am fast approaching total disenchantment. The union is too often flawed by innocent, ignorant disregard for professional knowledge. Well-heeled mercantile institutions presumably believe that trained specialists are less needed in the fine arts than in window display, fashion, or advertising. As a rule, most of the new galleries are directed either by enthusiastic dilettantes who "love art," or by harder headed merchandisers borrowed from other departments. To buy and sell original paintings, sculpture, prints, and drawings with any degree of dependability requires years of apprenticeship and intensive study, for this is a specialized field full of pitfalls.

Since large stores are lucrative advertisers, the press tends to avoid serious criticism of their art activities, thus eliminating an important source of public information. Originally we thought the audience for art would widen appreciably if authentic works were made available in familiar surroundings rather than in the prestigious atmosphere of private galleries and museums. For there is no doubt that the over-sophisticated aura usual to art transactions at once confuses and frightens the average layman. Precisely because the audience for department-store art is potentially large and yet frankly uninformed, the need for knowledgeable help is doubly urgent.

The danger of merchandising art with the same ebullient techniques developed for fashion, cosmetics, household wares, etc., scarcely needs underlining, but at the very least we should expect reputable department stores to show as much respect for artists as for dress designers or cosmetic firms. I doubt if E. J. Korvette would misspell the names of Helena Rubinstein or Schiaparelli with the same abandon as it recently did those of four famous painters—Pissarro, Morisot, Friesz, and Siqueiros. At the same time the store blandly announced that its art department, barely a year old, is now "recognized as one of the nation's top galleries." One can only ask, by whom? Even the lofty reputation of Lilly Daché did not prevent her newly established Gallery Daché from misspelling the names of several important American artists in a recent and, of course, chic announcement.

Nor is it only superficial lapses that invalidate the new art gallery movement. At Alexander's, tucked away among coat hangers and similar household items, a motley assemblage of good and bad prints is mixed in with atrocious paintings, many of the latter described in glowing, if ungrammatical terms. For example, who ever heard of the Austrian artist, J. Tretter, here touted as "one of the most well known town-painters?" When I questioned a gallery attendant about the date of a certain Picasso lithograph I was condescendingly told, "Only with old masters do dates mean anything."

Prices, too, can be upsetting. At Macy's in an exhibit of Picasso prints, the artist's renowned *Frugal Repast* of 1904 (second state, edition of 250) was listed this fall at $12,000, while an etching from the same edition in equally good condition was being offered for $7,500 by a reliable Chicago dealer. According to Theodore J. H. Gusten, executive secretary of the Print Council of America and executive director of the International Graphic Arts Society, "Many of the Picasso prices in Macy's show were considerably higher than those in the regular market." This seems particularly unfortunate since the store takes pride in usually giving customers a generous break, indeed, even a bargain. Ralph F. Colin, long time collector and administrative vice president of the Art Dealers Association of America, recently observed, "As a result of an investigation by those member-dealers of our association who are primarily concerned with graphics, we were shocked to discover that Macy's, which usually boasts it will not be undersold, is offering Picasso graphics at as much as two or three times the prices being quoted by established dealers."

It is not my intention to survey all the new department store and mail-order galleries throughout the country but merely to pinpoint certain dubious trends. The idea of accessible art sections in well attended stores is sound; what is not sound are amateur methods that victimize the public. Worth far more detailed attention, however, is an exhibition called "Gallery of the Masters" which has just closed at Bamberger's in Newark. Though nothing here was for sale and though several distinguished lenders were involved, the show was so shot through with misleading statements, cheap ballyhoo, vulgar ineptness, and pretentious posturing as to warrant close attention.

The exhibition was announced as "a collection of original art valued at $5,000,000 and gleaned from the most illustrious museums, galleries, and private collections in the Western World." The only museums to lend original works were the Berkshire Museum, with a folksy pot-boiler by Norman Rockwell, and Washington's National Collection of Fine Arts. Why this eminent institution thus involved itself remains the $5,000,000 question. The Louvre's name is sprinkled around copiously, but what did the Louvre lend? A group of facsimile drawings euphemistically called "re-creations." The same description accompanied the yellowish plaster or plastic casts of the *Venus de Milo* and the *Winged Victory*, the second awkwardly pieced together in four parts. Neither cast, though both were reproduced in actual size, seemed in any way superior to similar ones which have long ago been banished to basement storages in American museums. And it is important to remember that reproductions are never re-creations.

As for the facsimile drawings, nothing could have been more misleading. At-

College Literary Magazine Contest: For the past three years, *SR* and the U.S. National Student Association have sponsored an annual contest for college literary magazines. The winners for 1966 are:

BEST MAGAZINE:	*The Promethean* (City College of New York), edited by Richard Strier and Roger Greenwald.
BEST POEM:	"Parthenon 66," by Melissa McArthur, in the University of Dayton *Exponent*.
BEST SHORT STORY:	"Living in the Sea," by Alan Feldman, in the *Columbia Review*, Columbia University.
BEST ARTICLE:	"The Right to Counsel in Criminal Cases," by Edward T. Haggins, in the *Cleveland-Marshall Review*, Cleveland-Marshall Law School.

With the awarding of prizes to the 1966 winners, the *SR*-USNSA college literary magazine contest will be discontinued. —THE EDITORS.

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tached to reproductions of works by Watteau, Boucher, Degas, and Delacroix were labels bearing the name of each picture and artist plus the added magic words: "From the Louvre." Across the gallery and quite removed from this group, one discovered a placard admitting that the drawings were reproductions, but for the average visitor this information was too little, too late, and too far away.

Replete with canned music, fake greenery, fake gold pillars that obstructed the pictures—especially a large, vulgar, but handsome Sargent lent by the Duke of Devonshire—the show had no meaning, cohesion, or sense of relationship. Directly behind the *Winged Victory* one found Norman Rockwell's *Blacksmith Shop*. And from Señor Florentino Pombo Homero Robledo, a Madrid steamship and textile executive, came paintings by El Greco, Velázquez, Goya, and Zurbarán. When I asked for any published accounts of these works, or opinions and authentications by known scholars, none was forthcoming, though each picture in the exhibition was accompanied by a lengthy and often incredible label.

For instance, the visitor read that "John Marin's name is today synonymous with bold but lyrical abstraction," yet this artist never worked abstractly. About a Titian, lent by Mr. Louis Venturi of Newark, we learned that "the painting was commissioned for the Austrian Museum early in the sixteenth century." What Austrian museum existed early in the sixteenth century? Bamberger's also claimed this "priceless masterpiece" to be "the only Titian in the country owned by a private collector," a patently false statement. Further remarks dealt with Titian's "photographic, dimensional style." But perhaps the most absurd assertion found a Zurbarán *Saint With Flowers* outstanding because it features "the only woman with blonde hair this artist ever painted." And a portrait labeled Goya was said to demonstrate "the excitement and verve of this artist's personality in that he painted a gray suit over a gray background."

The entire project would be too ludicrous to discuss had it not been for Bamberger's tendency to treat the show as a major promotion under the guise of serious art education. Each time I was there I saw large numbers of people reverently reading the labels. And, believe it or not, a charming but uninformed young lady from the public relations department guided high school students—hundreds of New Jersey high schools were contacted—around the show, mispronouncing names as she uttered clichés laced with phony generalizations. On one of my trips, I encountered a high school group from Kearny which was receiving the complete treatment. For the same effort these young people might have visited the Metropolitan, or, for that matter, the Newark Museum.

According to a series of press releases, the show was chosen "by the practiced eyes of three traveling Bamberger executives sent to sleuth out authentic treasures in the art centers of the Western World." The three men head Bamberger's public relations, creative advertising, and display departments, respectively. Not one of these "practiced eyes" was specially trained in art history.

TWO lenders other than the National Collection of Fine Arts surprised me. Mrs. Edith Halpert and the Harry N. Abrams Family Collection provided the show with several discriminating works, which were scarcely enhanced by the general atmosphere. A large sign stated that "In recognition of Bamberger's support of fine art in New Jersey, Mrs. Edith Gregor Halpert, director of New York's Downtown Gallery, personally selected fifteen pictures" for the show. Describing Mrs. Halpert as "the ultimate authority in the field of contemporary American art," the store also noted in an equally large sign that "Mr. Abrams is the foremost American publisher of art books." However, Mrs. Halpert's reason for lending to the exhibition does not quite jibe with the store's account. She informed me that it was due to "admiration for the Bamberger family," which in 1909 was largely responsible for establishing the Newark Museum, "one of the first museums to promote modern American art"—all of which seems a bit remote, since now, almost sixty years later, Bamberger's is owned by Macy's.

The Newark press was jubilant about the show. Few if any words of uncertainty sullied the reviews. John Soloway's article in the Sunday *Star-Ledger* bore the heading, BAM'S "GALLERY OF THE MASTERS" A TRIUMPH FOR TENACIOUS TRIO. In the Newark Sunday *News*, Michael Lenson confessed to "a feeling of skepticism when Bamberger's first announced the opening of its 'Gallery of the Masters' . . . Yet . . . the presentation as a whole, including the tastefully improvised gallery, is something of a miracle in terms of quality and determination." Even *The New York Times* announced the exhibition in a news article filled with erroneous statements, such as a claim that Renoir's bronze portrait of Coco is the "only known work of sculpture" by this artist.

In an interview, one of Bamberger's senior vice presidents was quoted as saying, "It may sound corny, but the firm has a community conscience and a strong desire to help the community develop on as wide a plane as possible." No one doubts Bamberger's good intentions, but a little less corn and a little more respect for professional accuracy might broaden its "community conscience."

—KATHARINE KUH.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

CAPSULES (Part 2)

Herbert Gerjuoy of Morrisville, Pa., comes up with another dozen of his original examples of the type of description often found in TV program guides. Actually, it should be easy to match each summary with one of the titles listed. If stumped, turn to page 53.

Shortage of sleeping bags disrupts camping trip. ( )
Study of varied career opportunities in the ministry. ( )
Case history of a brief successful psychotherapy using dream material. ( )
Postwar band of stateless persons make new start. ( )
Physician learns the importance of careful observation. ( )
Ordinary man becomes involved in adult education. ( )
Association is demonstrated between smoking cigarettes and malignant dancers. ( )
Trio of breathtaking travelogs reveal amazing adaptations to extremes of climate and altitude. ( )
Anemic nobleman seeks desperately to build up his blood count. ( )
Scientist fails to find happiness in his second childhood. ( )

1. *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*
2. *Aeneid*
3. *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*
4. *Carmen*
5. *A Christmas Carol*
6. *Divine Comedy*
7. *Dracula*
8. *Elmer Gantry*
9. *Faust*
10. *For Whom the Bell Tolls*

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The Self

Continued from page 23

that the author is unaware of the urgency of one of today's most pressing problems: that of man's growing sense of alienation and meaninglessness in the increasingly complex and impersonal world in which he finds himself. In his latest book Mr. Watts wants to shake, crack, even shatter Western man's fixed idea of his place in the universe, his obstinate conviction that he is a separate ego "enclosed in a bag of skin," which to Mr. Watts is nothing more nor less than a dangerous "hallucination" that does not relate itself sensibly either to the findings of contemporary science or to such a central and germinal Asian philosophy as Vedanta. He believes it is this dangerous, deep-rooted delusion of a solitary self that underlies the ever more alarming misuse of technology which now threatens, through subjugating man's natural environment, to destroy not only this environment but mankind along with it. Mr. Watts would replace this false notion with the knowledge (for in his view it can be "known") that individual man and the Totality of Life are one and the same thing.

If Mr. Watts sets out to jolt his readers, he also knows how to stretch their imaginations, for no one is capable of writing on abstruse subjects with greater lucidity and cogency.

> The sensation of "I" as a lonely and isolated center of being is so powerful and commonsensical, and so fundamental to our modes of speech and thought, to our laws and social institutions, that we cannot experience selfhood except as something superficial in the scheme of the universe. "I" seems to be a brief light that flashes but once in all the aeons of time—a rare, complicated, and all-too-delicate organism on the fringe of geological evolution, where the wave of life bursts into individual sparkling and multicolored drops that gleam for a moment only to vanish forever. Under such conditioning it seems impossible and even absurd to realize that myself does not reside in the drop alone, but in the whole surge of energy which ranges from the galaxies to the nuclear fields in my body. At this level of existence "I" am immeasurably old; my forms are infinite and their comings and goings are simply the pulsations or vibrations of a single and eternal flow of energy.

Mr. Watts is well aware that conceptual thinking is incapable of grasping this old-new viewpoint. He aims, however, to provide suggestions on how this fundamental change of concept can be effected in time to "save" us all. Not for a moment does he say that the change-over will be easy. Life in its mysterious totality is far from simple, and he is quite as conscious of it as are the men of science. In his revolutionary book of some years back, *The Nature of the Physical World*, Sir Arthur Eddington remarked of the "fascinating spectacle" now confronting science, "Something unknown is doing we don't know what"; and he then felt impelled to comment that his own theorizing often reminded him of Lewis Carroll's "slithy toves [that] did gyre and gimble in the wabe." So it is with Mr. Watts: if on the one hand he finds it necessary to refer to the enigmatic utterance of the Old Man of Spithead who opened the window and said, "Fill jomble, fill jumble, fill rumble-come-tumble," he can remark in the next line that Bach stated this whole thing "more elegantly," and then include a few bars of a fugue to make the point. In this manner he hopes to keep his readers from falling back in utter fear and dismay from the Great Void, the yawning Nothingness that seems to open before Western man when he is asked to relinquish the "myth" of his "I" as a separate self, to see in its place an eternal "self/other" which appears "in myriads of pulsating forms—always the same and always new, a here in the midst of a there, a now in the midst of then, and a one in the midst of many."

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthology

FRENCH UTOPIAS. By Frank E. Manuel and Fritzie P. Manuel. Free Press. $7.95.

Economics

THE GOLDEN RULES OF ECONOMIC GROWTH. By E. S. Phelps. Norton. $6.95.

Fiction

FIVE SMOOTH STONES. By Ann Fairbairn. Crown. $6.95.

History

THE ACADEMIC MIND AND REFORM: The Influence of Richard T. Ely in American Life. By Benjamin G. Rader. Univ. of Kentucky Press. $7.50.

THE COMINTERN—HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS: Essays, Recollections, Documents. Edited by Milorad M. Drachkovitch and Branko Lazitch. Praeger. $10.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN GERMANY. By Leopold von Ranke. Ungar. 2 Vols. Boxed set, $16.50.

MALAYA: The Communist Insurgent War, 1948-1960. By Edgar O'Ballance. Archon Books. $6.50.

100 GREAT EVENTS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD—FROM BABYLONIA TO THE SPACE AGE. Edited by John Canning. Hawthorn. $7.95.

PATRONS AND PATRIOTISM. By Lillian B. Miller. Univ. of Chicago Press. $8.50.

International Affairs

CHINA. By Lois Mitchison. Walker. $6.50.

Literary Criticism

IMAGES OF THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN LITERATURE: Essays in Criticism. Edited by Seymour L. Gross and John Edward Hardy. Univ. of Chicago Press. Hardbound, $6.50. Paperback, $2.95.

JAMES JOYCE TODAY: Essays on the Major Works. Edited by Thomas F. Staley. Indiana Univ. Press. $5.

Miscellany

THE BOOK OF ENGLISH DESSERTS: Favorite Recipes for Cakes and Sweets. By Constance Chambers. Barnes. $6.50.

CALLING A SPADE A SPADE: Or Acol in Action. By Ben Cohen and Rhoda Barrow. Barnes. $5.

Personal History

MAZO DE LA ROCHE OF JALNA. By Ronald Hambleton. Hawthorn. $5.95.

MOVIN' ON UP. By Mahalia Jackson with Evan McLeod Wylie. Hawthorn. $5.95.

Religion, Philosophy

PHILOSOPHY IN PROCESS: Volume II. By Paul Weiss. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $25.

RELIGION AND PEACE: Papers from the National Inter-Religious Conference on Peace. Edited by Homer A. Jack. Bobbs-Merrill. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.80.

THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: The History of Philosophy. By Emile Bréhier. Translated by Wade Baskin. Univ. of Chicago Press. $8.50.

WITNESS TO A GENERATION: Significant Writings from *Christianity and Crisis*, 1941-1966. Edited by Wayne H. Cowan. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.95.

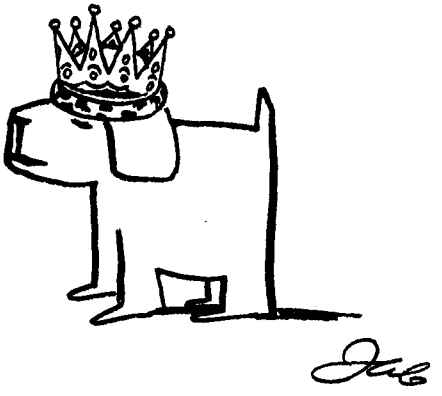
Sociology

MODERNIZATION: Protest and Change. By S. N. Eisenstadt. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

Theater

SHAKESPEARE'S CHARACTERY: A Book of Characters from Shakespeare. Edited by John M. Lothian. Barnes & Noble. $6.50.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.



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"Sentimental Education"

By KENNETH REXROTH

AS WE TURN OVER the pages of nineteenth-century literature, we are constantly confronted with the question of alienation. Baudelaire, Marx, Kierkegaard, Chateaubriand, Cardinal Newman—it does not matter whether the voice comes from the Left or the Right, all are agreed in their rejection of the values of the prevailing ethic. Yet we never get a clear definition of alienation. What is man alienated from, and why? Perhaps it is precisely the democratic society, the growing affluence and education, which have revealed the natural state of man, much as the development of medicine has enabled greater accuracy of diagnosis with the resultant tremendous increase in the record of certain diseases. Perhaps the discovery of human self-alienation was simply a statistical refinement made possible by the spread of the privileges of culture to the middle class.

Flaubert, of all the century's major novelists, most emphatically did not believe this. *Madame Bovary, Sentimental Education, Bouvard and Pécuchet,* were conceived as head-on attacks on middle-class life in all its aspects—its ideals as well as its realities. *The Temptation of St. Anthony* and *Salammbô* are sensation-drugged reveries for an anti-bourgeois élite. Yet what happens? Flaubert was a tireless craftsman, and as he reworked his sentences, seeking always the ultimate precision of a surgical instrument, the simplicity of his approach yielded before an irony of which he never became fully conscious. Flaubert had a vision, a model, of how words should function, and he ground down each phrase until it fitted that model, a kind of abstract template which shaped, not just rhythm and image, but which revealed a fundamental quality of the sensibility.

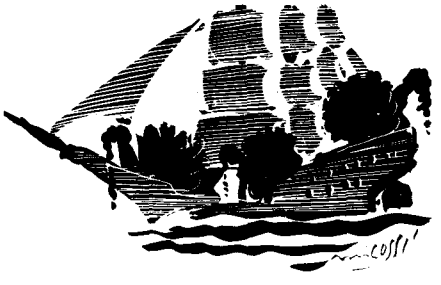
Sentimental Education is a step forward in time from Stendhal's *The Red and the Black,* and a step downward in the decline of human nobility. Julien Sorel, Stendhal's hero, is the hero of a tragic farce, a village Bonaparte who never got a chance. But even though his life, and its end, are acted out with mock heroics, the vestiges of nobility still cling to him and to his two foolish women. There is nothing heroic about Frederick, the hero of *Sentimental Education.* He is a man of the Forties, of the reign of Louis-Philippe, the bourgeois parody of a king who fell before a bourgeois parody of an Emperor. Julien Sorel was motivated by an unfulfillable lust for power; Frederick is motivated by greed. Julien forces his life to its tragic denouement, a Romantic re-enactment of a classic end. A generation later, Frederick lives in a world in which Romantic solutions are no longer available. He simply runs down.

The plot of *The Red and the Black* still preserves something of the self-sufficiency of Racine or Sophocles. The people live in a world determined by their own inter-relationships. *Sentimental Education* is a social and historical panorama—Frederick is the narrative focus of a people and a time. He is mass man, nearer the top of the mass than the bottom. Julien is, or at least wishes to be, man against the mass.

If in any sense *The Red and the Black* is a *roman à clef,* its deciphering adds nothing to the fiction. *Sentimental Education* is full of deadly caricatures, and many of the characters are in fact Flaubert's contemporaries at the period of writing, moved back ten or twelve years. The book is a mirror image of the first volumes of the *Goncourt Journal.*

"Enrich yourselves!" was the slogan of Louis-Philippe's rule, and in *Sentimental Education* we can watch an élite, a clerkly class, abdicate finally all claim to being the "responsibles" and get down and scramble at the trough of the *nouveaux riches.* Julien, in a time of transition, strove to hammer content into his poor life. Frederick's life, says Flaubert, had no content, and when content offers itself he avoids it or, if necessary, destroys it. It was in these years that Proudhon said, "Property is theft," and reading this novel we can see why he did. It is the story of a den of thieves, busy stealing counterfeit coin from each other.

This is the salient characteristic of Flaubert's portrayal of covetousness and distinguishes it sharply from the simple greed that motivates so many of Balzac's characters. There are greedy men like those of Balzac in Greek and Latin comedy, and all through medieval literature. The covetousness of Flaubert's people is the special nineteenth-century, capitalist hypertrophy of covetousness.



Flaubert's change of focus is accompanied by a change in style, a change in the very meaning of style. Balzac, and in a more profound way, Stendhal, adopted for literary purposes the language of the documents and dispatches of Napoleon. They made a subtle literary instrument out of an anti-literary direct communication, which was new to spoken as well as written French. Flaubert worked in a completely opposite way. He is artistic. He persuades himself that style is an end in itself and that communication is to be shaped by a rhetoric that may be the antithesis of the rhetoric of either Cicero or Chateaubriand, but which is rhetoric nonetheless.

All this is a kind of occupational delusion. If there is a hero of the *Goncourt Journals* it is Flaubert. He enters, a young Viking in a berserk rage of literary creation. He leaves, an old man, mad about writing. Café conversations and little dinners of gossip, petty politics, and grave discussions of the merits of sundry tarts he turns into pursuits of the just word—conversational fox-hunts that end in assays of the sound of sensibility.

FOR sheer brilliance of direct vision, Flaubert's prose surpasses any of them, and has yet to be equalled by any of his disciples. All the manifold details of life, of nature, of still life, glow with an internal fire, the fire of burning prose which has a perfect transparency. Flaubert wants us to be excruciatingly conscious of the craftiness of his art.

If this were all, he would be only another Huysmans, only the founder of Art for Art's Sake. But behind the irony is a terrible pity. Frederick with his sentimental covetousness, the crooked revolutionaries, the literary imposters and whores, the women exhausted with bad dreams, the treacherous friends—all the cast of *Sentimental Education,* as immense as a Russian novel, are finally brought to judgment and let go. The novel is not, as Flaubert thought it was, a pure work of art devoid of any moral. Pity and terror, said Aristotle, were the essence of tragic response. At the end we look back over the generation that enriched itself and share with Flaubert a sad, calm terror at the pity of the human condition. This is all it ever came to. The Last Judgment is not the melodrama of the flames of hell mounting toward heaven, but only two emotionally ruined old men, all lust and covetousness, used up, like prisoners paroled in old age after serving thirty years of a life sentence.

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Sometimes we didn't quite make it.

People who wanted "Celeste Aida" got all of Aida. People who listened for Bernstein and the Philharmonic were treated to Bernstein on Broadway.

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WQXR-FM will be strictly classical. Symphonies. Concertos. Operas. Chamber works. And no chatter. Only the hourly New York Times News.

WQXR-AM will have a lighter tone. Light classics. Easy-listening music. Broadway shows. Jazz and folk. With sophisticated personalities. Times news on the hour. And extra half-hourly news roundups.

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—*Vytas Valaitis (From "Casals").*

Pablo Casals—at home in Puerto Rico.

THE BIG WORLD OF DON PABLO

By IRVING KOLODIN

MOST FIGURES of legend become so when there are no longer witnesses to contest the accuracy of the evaluation or, more likely, when so much time has elapsed that the evidence to the contrary has eroded or been forgotten. So much could be said of the legendary cellist born in Vendrell Tarragona in 1876, who was an international celebrity at twenty-five, revived the world's interest in the Bach literature for his instrument at thirty-five, made a reputation as a conductor of his own orchestra at forty-five, contributed to a new esteem for the trios of Beethoven and Schubert at fifty-five, and, as befitted the trials and tribulations that accompany advancing years, lapsed into silence at sixty-five.

This was the famous career that ordained him a giant in a generation of giants—the generation of Manuel de Falla and Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, who were born in the same year; of Ernst von Dohnanyi, Ottorino Respighi, and Cyril Scott, who came later in the decade; and of Godowski, Paderewski, and Ysaye, who were young when he was. Such a roster of bygone, in some instances once revered but now forgotten, names is an index to the atmosphere and the musical climate into which he was born, this legendary musician who acquainted our fathers—or grandfathers, depending on the age of the reader—with a new concept of the qualities inherent in his chosen instrument.

Were any of these bygone celebrities—plus such other collaborators of his youth, maturity, and middle age as Artur Nikisch, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Bronislaw Huberman, Artur Schnabel, Alfred Cortot, or Jacques Thibaud—to be advised by celestial grapevine that a Festival Casals prevails each year in Puerto Rico, they might reasonably conclude that a group of friends of the long-since legendary figure had banded together to preserve his fame, and that this was a good thing they had done, for one of their kind and time to be remembered so long afterwards.

One who might especially approve was the great French violinist Thibaud, with whom, from the earliest years of the century, Casals frequently combined in a trio whose pianist was Cortot. When Thibaud returned to resume his American career in the fall of 1946, I took advantage of an interview for journalistic purposes to ask him about his old associates, news of them being hard to come by in those immediate postwar days. "I have not been very lucky with my fellows," he replied. "They have become politicians. Cortot bad, Casals a little mad." The reference was, of course, to Cortot's chosen role as a collaborator with the Germans during the occupation of France (accompanied by Thi-

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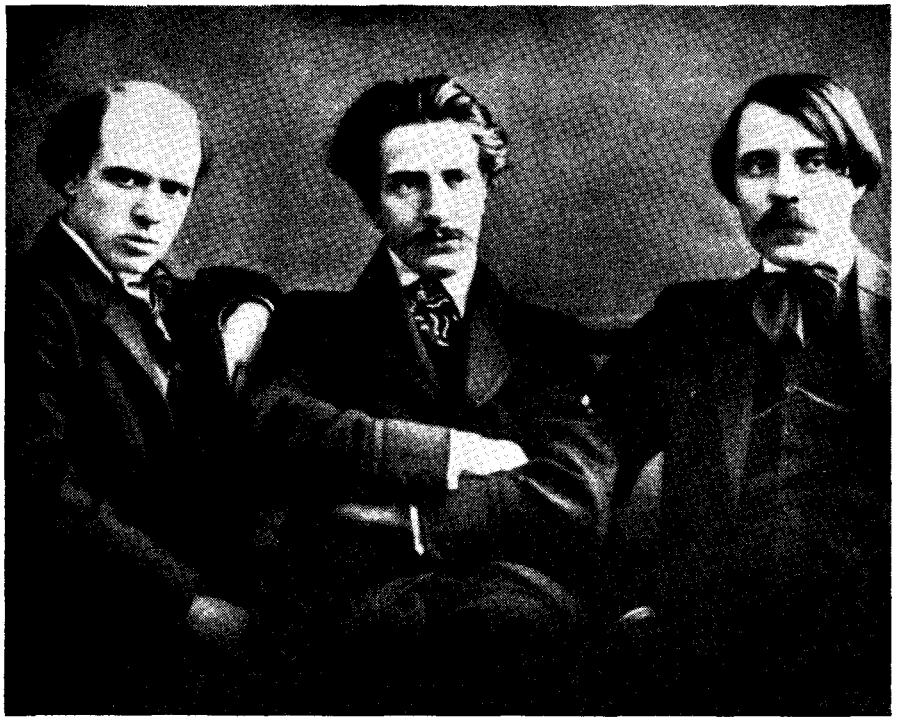
—*Culver.*

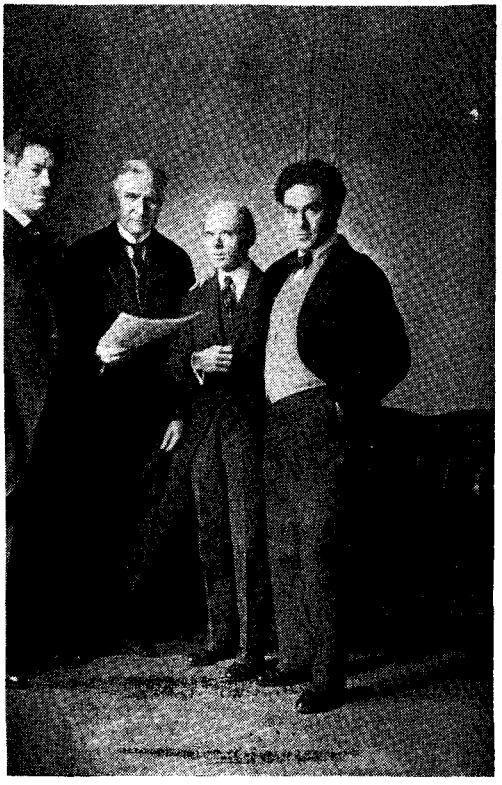
(Above) Casals at the time of his American debut (1901).



(At right) With violinist Jacques Thibaud (center) and pianist Alfred Cortot (1904).

(Below) With Fritz Kreisler (left) and Harold Bauer (right) on the occasion of a performance of Beethoven's Triple Concerto, directed by Walter Damrosch (holding music) (1917).

—*Culver.*



baud's dismissal: "I shall never play with him again") and Casals's then recent declaration that he would play nowhere in the world until his homeland was freed of Franco's domination.

"A little mad" was Thibaud's affectionate summation of a man he obviously admired and loved. However, was it Casals who was mad, or a world in which Thibaud perished in an airplane crash in 1953 en route to concert appearances in – of all places – French Indochina? The question may be moot: but not the notion of a Spanish-born Don whose visions of good in a world of bad have made his name a symbol for idealism. Today's Don, who would call himself Catalan rather than Spanish, merely borrowed a course of conduct with which he was long familiar from his own folklore.

The new figure of legend is thus twenty-five – which, added to the old one of sixty-five, makes him an even ninety, an age whose attainment on December 29 admits him to a category suitably exclusive for one of his achievements. Those who might question the back-dating of his attitude on Franco before he formally enunciated it may not know—or have forgotten—that he took much the same position even before the Falangists became partners of the Fascists. As early as 1935, Casals put both Italy and Germany on his personally proscribed list, and in a statement published in *SR* thirteen years ago (March 28, 1953) directed attention to his similarly forthright views on Russia: "To refuse to perform in a Soviet Russia or a Nazi Germany, as I have done since the inception of such contemporary regimes, seems only natural for a man of democratic principles." This obviously was a position arrived at before he became, in Thibaud's characterization, a "politician." It was probably beside the point for Casals to make plain then, as he did later, that his position was not a political but a moral one.

For a musician to raise an issue of "morality" is akin to denying the first canon of the artistic decalogue: "Thou shalt not be subject to the same rules of behavior that apply to others." It is this common conception of the "Free Artist" which has led every young idolator, as he grows older, to the painful realization that those he esteems for some superior trait or divine artistic gift may, in other, more ordinary contexts, be quite inferior. Of the many who were tried in the world upheaval of the Thirties and Forties, most were found wanting. They had secret "obligations" to protect family, or they performed, behind the scenes, acts of consideration which they would not answer for publicly. Of the shining exceptions—the Busches, Toscanini, Hindemith, a few others—Casals endures, practically alone, as a living symbol that a righteous example may be a mighty force.

He also endures as a living symbol of the possibility—the bare, faint possibility —that the capacity to express a noble sentiment through some artistic means may spring from a deeper source than mere physical facility, or an accident of nature which gives one better body chemistry or slightly thicker vocal chords than the average. Scrutinizing some of the comments that have accrued to his art from critics of three generations and as many continents, one comes on the statement, now fifty years old: "The spiritual purity of his music is wrought from the very heart of a great

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nature." A mere flight of poetic fancy, perhaps, but this time it just happens to be true.

I admit to skepticism when first his attitude became known, that it was one to which he would adhere in all its austerity. It seemed a sign of weakening resolve that he agreed to participate publicly in a festival, first at his long-time residence in Prades and then in the more urban surroundings of Perpignan, to which the world was bidden, tickets were sold, tours advertised, and a salable by-product emerged. He has since found it possible to travel widely and engage in musical activities in many countries, as a pedagogue and conductor. The distinction he has made between conducting and playing may be a narrow one, but if it satisfies *his* conscience, it can scarcely be questioned by others.

At the beginning, the young generation of musicians who came to venerate and remained to idolize heard greater things, through the aura of their admiration, than he actually performed. "You should," I told a few of them loftily at Perpignan in 1952, "have heard Casals when he was really Casals." Contrary to all probabilities and despite the likeness to platitude, it must be said that he did, in fact, improve with age. Concentrated work and the recurrent sensation of performing again publicly gradually sharpened his touch, restored the strength to his bow arm, so that his memorable performance at the U.N. in 1958—where he took up with the same Beethoven sonata he had played at his last concert in New York thirty years before—was a cohesion of two legends made one.

If one legend was sufficient to dominate the small world of music decades before, the combination of them clearly gave him access to a distinction attained by few persons of comparable background. One, of course, was Ignace Jan Paderewski, who heeded the call to national service from his fellow Poles in the aftermath of World War I. His presence at the Versailles Conference (where he signed the treaty of peace in the name of Poland in June 1919) gave rise to a celebrated anecdote of the time, involving Georges Clemenceau. Upon being presented to him formally, Clemenceau reportedly said: "You are Ignace Paderewski, the world's greatest pianist, who is now premier of Poland?" As Paderewski bowed graciously in recognition of the compliment, Clemenceau whispered to an aide: "What a comedown!"

Casals's wise separation of political motivation from moral indignation has saved him from any such evaluation. He has, rather, utilized his stature as an artist to make clear to the world of international thought and opinion the reality of his dissent. He has, with those endearing deviations which mark the magnitude of the inner struggle it is for

Pablo Casals: A Discography

THE DISCOGRAPHY WHICH FOLLOWS will not only confirm the general impression that Casals has recorded a good deal over the last five decades, but will also indicate the enduring appeal of many of the recordings which have been reissued in three or four different formats. Two or more catalogue numbers separated only by commas indicate different pressings of the same recording; otherwise, different numbers indicate different recordings. Foreign numbers are given only for recordings not released in this country. Numbers in italics are 78 rpm records, all of which, of course, are discontinued releases. All other numbers are LP unless noted. Only those numbers given in **bold face** type are currently available. Victor and RCA Victor are abbreviated "V"; Columbia is abbreviated "C"; other label names are spelled out.

Casals, Cellist

Bach: *Organ Concerto* No. 9 *(Recitative)* with Eugene Istomin, piano. **C. ML-4926.**

Bach: *"Komm', süsser* Tod." Blas-Net, piano. *V. 7501,* LCT-1002.

Bach: *Pastorale in F (Aria).* Istomin, piano. **C. ML-4926.**

Bach: *Violin Sonata in A Minor (Andante)* arr. Siloti. Blas-Net, piano. *V. 7368.*

Bach: *Cello (Gamba) Sonatas* Nos. 1-3. Paul Baumgartner, piano. **C. ML-4349/50.**

Bach: *Suites for Unaccompanied Cello. V. DM-611* (Nos. 2 & 3), *DM-742* (1 & 6) *DM-1302* (4 & 5). Nos. 1-6, same recordings: Angel **COLH-16/18;** Suite No. 3 (excerpts): Prelude and Sarabande, *C. A-5782;* Bourrée, *C. A-5697;* Gigue, *C. A-5875.*

Bach: *Orch. Suite No. 3 (Air).* Otto Schulhof, piano. *V. 7368;* older versions, *C. A-5756, C. 68026D.*

Bach: *Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C (Adagio)* arr. Siloti. N. Mednikoff, piano. *V. 6501, V. 6635, V. DM-1302,* V. LCT-1050, V. WCT-9 (45), V. LCT-1002, **V. LM-2699.**

Beethoven: *Minuet in G.* Otto Schulhof, piano. *V. M-134.*

Beethoven: *Sonata in F, Op. 17* (arrangement of Horn Sonata); Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. Philips **PHM-500120,** stereo **PHS-900120.**

Beethoven: *Cello Sonatas.* Rudolf Serkin, piano. Nos. 1 & 5, C. ML-4876; No. 2, **C. ML-4572,** ML-4877; Nos. 3 & 4, C. ML-4878; all five, **C. SL-201.**

Beethoven: *Cello Sonatas.* Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. Nos. 2 & 5, European Philips **A-00507-L;** No. 1, *V. DM-843;* No. 2, *HMV DB-3911/13;* No. 4, *V. 14366/67;* No. 5, *HMV DB-3914/16.*

Beethoven: *Cello Sonata No. 3.* Otto Schulhof *V. M-134.*

Beethoven: *Piano Trio, Op. 1, No. 1.* Joseph Fuchs, violin; Eugene Istomin, piano. C. ML-5291.

Beethoven: *Trio, Op. 1, No. 2.* Alexander Schneider, violin; Istomin, piano. C. ML-4573.

Beethoven: *Trio, Op. 1, No. 3.* Sándor Vegh, violin; Horszowski, piano. Philips **PHM-500120;** stereo, **PHS-900120.**

Beethoven: *Trio, Op. 11.* Schneider, Istomin. C. ML-4571.

Beethoven: *Trio, Op. 70, No. 1.* Vegh, Horszowski. European Philips **G-05365-R;** also Fuchs, Istomin. C. ML-5291.

Beethoven: *Trio, Op. 70, No. 2.* Schneider, Istomin. C. ML-4571.

Beethoven: *"Archduke" Trio, Op. 97.* Jacques Thibaud, violin; Alfred Cortot, piano. *V. M-92,* Angel **COLH-29;** also Sándor Vegh, violin; Horszowski, piano. Philips **PHM-500016,** stereo **PHS-900-016,** also Schneider, Istomin. C. ML-4574.

Beethoven: *Variations on Handel's "See the Conqu'ring Hero Comes."* Rudolf Serkin, piano. C. ML-4640.

Beethoven: *Variations on Mozart's "Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen."* Alfred Cortot, piano. *V. 1749/50,* Pathé-Marconi **COLH-92.**

Beethoven: *Variations on Mozart's "Bei Männern" and Variations on "Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen."* Rudolf Serkin, piano. **C. ML-4572,** C. ML-4877, **C. SL-201.**

Boccherini: *Concerto in B-flat.* Sir Landon Ronald cond. London Symphony Orch. *V. DM-381,* V. WCT-41 (45), V. LCT-1028.

Boccherini: *Sonata in A.* Blas-Net, piano. *V. 7258;* Allegro only: *C. 68025D, C. 48710.*

Brahms: *Double Concerto.* Jacques Thibaud, violin; Alfred Cortot cond. Casals Orch., Barcelona. *V. M-99,* Angel **COLH-75.**

Brahms: *Piano Quartet in A, Op. 26.* Sándor Vegh, violin; Georges Janzer, viola; Karl Engel, piano. European Philips **A-02209-L,** stereo **835101-AY.**

Brahms: *Sapphic Ode* (with piano). *C. 68089D, 7075M.*

Brahms: *Sextet No. 1, Op. 18.* Isaac Stern and Alexander Schneider, violins; Milton Katims and Milton Thomas, violas; Madeline Foley, cello. C. ML-4713.

Brahms: *Sonata in F, Op. 99.* Horszowski piano. *V. DM-410.*

Brahms: *Trio in B, Op. 8.* Isaac Stern, violin; Myra Hess, piano. *C. ML-4719.*

Brahms: *Trio in C, Op. 87.* Joseph Szigeti and Myra Hess. C. ML-4720.

Bruch: *Kol Nidrei.* Sir Landon Ronald cond. London Symphony Orch. *V. M-680,* V. WCT-42 (45), V. LCT-1028; also two recs. with piano. *C. A-5722 and C. 68019D.*

Campagnoli: *Romanza.* (with piano). *C. A-5654.*

Casals: *Song of the Birds.* Horszowski, piano. **C. KL-5726;** also Istomin, piano. **C. ML-4926.**

Cassadò: *Requiebros* (with piano). *V. 7660.*

Chopin: *Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2,* arr. Popper. Mednikoff, piano. *V. 6589,* **LM-2699;** and (with piano). *C. 68024D, 8901M.*

Chopin: *Prélude, Op. 28, No.15,* arr. Sieveking. Mednikoff, piano. *V. 6589,* **LM-2699.**

Couperin: *Pièces de concert.* Horszowski, piano. **C. KL-5726.**

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Crouch: *"Kathleen Mavourneen"* (with piano). *C. 33008D.*
Cui: *Berceuse* (with piano). *C. 2037M.*
Del Riego: *"Oh, Dry Those Tears"* (with piano). *C. 2037M.*
Dvorák: *Concerto in B minor.* George Szell cond. Czech Philharmonic. *V. DM-458,* WCT-39 (45), LCT-1026, Angel **COLH-30;** also Alexander Schneider cond. Festival Casals Orch., Puerto Rico. Everest LPBR-6083, stereo SDBR-3083.
Dvorák: *"Songs My Mother Taught Me."* Blas-Net, piano. *V. 7193,* V. LCT-1050.
Elgar: *Concerto in E minor.* Sir Adrian Boult cond. BBC Symphony Orch. *HMV DB-6338/41S.*
Elgar: *"Salut d'amour"* (with piano). *C. A-5679;* also *C. 33031D.*
Falla: *"Nana," from Seven Spanish Popular Songs.* Eugene Istomin, piano. **C. ML-4926.**
Fauré: *"Après un rêve,"* arr. Casals. N. Mednikoff, piano. *V. 1083;* also (with piano). *C. A-6020.*
Glazounov: *Mélodie arabe* (with piano). *C. 33030D, 2010M, 184M.*
Godard: *Berceuse from "Jocelyn."* Mednikoff, piano. *V. 6630,* **V. LM-2699.**
Goltermann: *Concerto in A minor* (Cantilena) (with piano). *C. A-5847.*
Granados: *"Goyescas" (Intermezzo).* Mednikoff, piano. *V. 6501, V. 6635,* V. LCT-1050, **V. LM-2699.**
Granados: *Spanish Dance No. 5,* arr. Casals. Mednikoff, piano. *V. 1311;* also (with piano). *C. A-5847.*
Handel: *"Berenice"* (Minuet). *C. 2036M.*
Handel: *"Serse" (Largo)* (with piano). *C. 68061D, 7053M;* also *C. A-5649.*
Haydn: *Concerto in D, Op. 101 (Adagio)* (with piano). *C. 68061D, C. 7053M;* also *C. A-5875.*
Haydn: *Piano Sonata No. 9 (Adagio).* Istomin, piano. **C. ML-4926.**
Haydn: *Sonata for Violin and Viola in C* (Minuet, arr. Piatti). Blas-Net, piano. *V. 7501, V. M-680;* also *C. A-5821.*
Haydn: *Trio No. 1 in G.* Thibaud and Cortot. *V. 3045/46X,* Angel **COLH-12.**
Hillemacher: *Gavotte tendre.* Mednikoff, piano. **V. LM-2699.**
Kreisler: *Chanson Louis XIII et Pavane* (with piano). *C. A-5907.*
Lassen: *"Thine Eyes So Blue."* (with piano). *C. 33032D, 2009M.*
Liszt: *Liebestraum No. 3* (with piano). *C. 68023D;* also *C. A-5756.*
MacDowell: *"To a Wild Rose"* (with piano). *C. 33030D, C. 2010M, C. 184M.*
Mendelssohn: *Song without Words for Cello, Op. 109.* Blas-Net, piano. *V. 7193,* V. LCT-1050.
Mendelssohn: *Song without Words, Op. 62, No. 6; "Spring Song"* (with piano). *C. A-6020.*
Mendelssohn: *Song without Words, Op. 67, No. 6, "Serenade"* (with piano). *C. 33048D, C. 2011M.*
Mendelssohn: *Trio in D minor, Op. 49.* Cortot and Thibaud *V. M-126,* Angel **COLH-75;** also Schneider and Horszowski. **C. KL-5726.**
Mozart: *Quintet in D, K. 593 (Larghetto)* (with piano). *C. A-5953.*
Popper: *Chanson villageoise.* E. Gendron, piano. *V. 1083.*
Popper: *Gavotte in D* (with piano). *C. 68025D.*
Popper: *Mazurka* (with piano). *C. A-5697.*
Popper: *Serenade (Spanish Dance No. 2). C. A-5650.*
Popper: *Vito.* Mednikoff, piano. *V. 1311.*
Rimsky-Korsakov: *"Flight of the Bumblebee."* Blas-Net, piano. *V. 7193,* V. LCT-1050.
Rubinstein: *Melody in F.* Mednikoff, piano. *V. 1178,* V. LCT-1050; also *C. A-5649;* also *C. 68026D.*
Rubinstein: *Romance* (with piano). *C. 33031D, C. 2021M.*
Saint-Saëns: *Allegro Appassionato, Op. 43* (with piano). *C. A-5821.*
Saint-Saëns: *"The Swan."* Mednikoff, piano. *V. 1143,* V. LCT-1002, V. LCT-1050, V. LM-6088, **V. LM-2699;** also (with piano). *C. 68027D, C. 7021M, C. 5092M,* also *C. A-5650.*
Schubert: *Moment Musical, Op. 94, No. 3.* Mednikoff, piano. *V. 1143,* V. LCT-1050, **V. LM-2699.**
Schubert: *Quintet in C, Op. 163.* Stern, Schneider, Katims, and Tortelier. **C. ML-4714;** also with Vegh Quartet, European Philips **A-02208-L,** stereo **835100-AY.**
Schubert: *Trio in B-flat, Op. 99.* Thibaud and Cortot. *V. M-11,* V. LCT-1141, Angel **C. LH-12;** also with Schneider and Istomin. **C. ML-4715.**
Schubert: *Trio in E-flat, Op. 100.* Schneider and Horszowski. C. ML-4716.
Schumann: *"Abendlied."* Mednikoff, piano. *V. 6630;* also (with piano). *C. 68024D, C. 7020M, C. 5091M;* also *C. A-5907.*
Schumann: *Adagio and Allegro, Op. 70.* Horszowski, piano. **C. KL-5726.**
Schumann: *Cello Concerto.* Prades Festival Orch., supposedly conducted by Eugene Ormandy. **C. ML-4926.**
Schumann: *Fünf Stücke im Volkston, Op. 102.* Leopold Mannes, piano. C. ML-4718.
Schumann: *"Träumerei."* Otto Schulhof, piano. *V. 1178,* V. LCT-1050; also (with piano). *C. 68023D, C. 7020M, C. 5091M;* also *A-5679.*
Schumann: *Trio in D minor, Op. 63.* Thibaud and Cortot. *V. M-52,* V. LCT-1141, Pathé-Marconi **COLH-301;** also Schneider and Horszowski. C. ML-4718.
Sgambati: *Serenata Napoletana* (with piano). *C. 2036M.*
Tartini: *Concerto in D major (Grave ed espressivo)* with piano. *V. 7660.*
Tartini: *Concerto in D minor (Adagio)* (with piano). C. A-5654.
Tchaikovsky: *Autumn Song* (with piano). *C. 68089D, C. 7075M.*
Tchaikovsky: *Melody in E-flat* (with piano). *C. 33048D, C. 2011M.*
Wagner: *"Meistersinger" (Prize Song).* Mednikoff, piano. *V. 6620,* V. LCT-1050, **V. LM-2699.**
Wagner: *"Tannhäuser" ("Evening Star").* Mednikoff, piano. *V. 6620,* V. LCT-1050, **V. LM-2699;** also (with piano). *C. 68027D, C. 7021M, C. 5092M;* also *C. A-5953.*
Anon.: *"Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms"* (with piano). C. 33008D, *C. 2021M.*
Anon.: *"Would God I Were the Tender Apple Blossom"* (*Londonderry Air*). *C. 33032D, C. 2009M.*
Collection: *"The Art of Pablo Casals."* Bach, Rubinstein, Schubert, Fauré, Wagner, *et al.,* c. 1926. **V. LM-2699.**
Collection: *"Encores by Casals."* Bach, Schubert, Mendelssohn, etc. (some, but not all, items in LM-2699). V. LCT-1050.
Collection: Recital of Bach, Haydn, Falla and Casals ("Song of the Birds"), with the Schumann Concerto: **C. ML-4926.**
Collection: *"A Concert at the White House."* Couperin, Schumann, Casals, Mendelssohn. **C. KL-5726.**

(Casals items listed above have also appeared in various miscellaneous collections on Victor, and the 1951 Perpignan and 1952 Prades Festival recordings were gathered into multi-disc albums on Columbia, as well as being offered on single LPs.)

Casals, Conductor

Bach: *Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 1-6* (Marlboro Festival, 1965). **C. M2L-331,** stereo **M2S-731** (set includes rehearsal disc); also (Prades Festival, 1950). C. ML-4345-47.
Bach: *Clavier Concerto in F minor* (Clara Haskil, piano; Prades 1950). C. ML-4353.
Bach: *Concerto for Clavier, Violin, Flute and Orch.* (Horszowski, piano, A. Schneider, violin; John Wummer, flute; Prades 1950). C. ML-4352.
Bach: *Violin Concerto in A minor* (Isaac Stern; Prades 1950). C. ML-4353.
Bach: *Violin Concerto in D minor* (Joseph Szigeti; Prades 1950). C. ML-4352.
Bach: *Concerto for Two Violins* (Stern and Schneider; Prades 1950). C. ML-4351.
Bach: *Concerto for Violin, Oboe and Orch.* Isaac Stern, Marcel Tabuteau; Prades 1950. C. ML-4351.
Bach: *St. Matthew Passion ("Erbarme dich").* Jennie Tourel; Perpignan Festival Orch. C. ML-4640.
Bach: *Suites Nos. 1 & 2 for Orchestra* (Prades Festival 1950, with Wummer, flute). C. ML-4348.
Beethoven: *"Coriolan" Overture.* London Symphony Orch. *V. 9729, V. 36291.*
Beethoven: *"Ruins of Athens" Overture* (Casals Orch.; Barcelona) in *HMV set M-96.*
Beethoven: *Symphony No. 1* (Casals Orch.; Barcelona). *HMV D-1729/31* (announced as *V. M-159,* but evidently never released in this country).
Beethoven: *Symphony No. 4* (Casals Orch.; Barcelona). *HMV set M-96,* portions on *V. L-11600* (old coarse-groove LP).
Boccherini: *Cello Concerto in B-flat,* ed. Gendron as "Original Version" (Maurice Gendron, cello; Lamoureux Orch.). Epic LC-3817; stereo, BC-1152.
Brahms: *Variations on a Theme by Haydn* (London Symphony Orch.). *V. 9287/89, V. G-16.*
Haydn: *Cello Concerto in D, Op. 101* (Gendron and Lamoureux Orch.). Epic LC-3817; stereo, BC-1152.
Mozart: *Aria "Non temer, amato bene"* (Jennie Tourel; Perpignan Festival). C. ML-4640.
Mozart: *Flute Concerto No. 1, K. 313* (John Wummer; Perpignan Festival). C. ML-4567.
Mozart: *Piano Concerto No. 9, K. 271* (Myra Hess; Perpignan Festival). C. ML-4568.
Mozart: *Piano Concerto No. 14, K. 449*

(*Continued on page* 59)

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him to forego the greatest joy of his life —the making of music—added a legend of denial to all those of self-indulgence with which we are familiar.

But, as the big world of Don Pablo extends an embrace that reaches from the Yellow Sea to the White House on this momentous occasion, it should be remembered that he is merely on loan from the world of music, which knew him first and still contends it knows him best. Others may try to draw words from him to express what he feels at reaching ninety, in health, with a young wife to watch over him, and with a host of devoted friends to wish him well. But he has said all that needs to be said, musically, on the subject in the latest discs to join the long succession of records itemized herewith.

Included is a coupling of Beethoven's Symphony No. 8 and Mendelssohn's *Italian* made with the "students"—almost all of them professionals of high standing —who gather each summer at the Marlboro Festival presided over by Rudolf Serkin. Primarily, they come to refresh themselves from the stresses and strains of the workaday pursuits that occupy them the year 'round . . . but, if their timing is right they may have the special stimulation of participating in sessions with such "visiting" professors as Casals.

How stimulating can be comprehended only from listening to Columbia MS 6931 ($5.79, stereo, or $4.79 for its mono equivalent, ML 6331). The recording session bears the date of June 1963, which means that Casals was nearly eighty-seven at the time. But, if one is to judge from the vitality, thrust, forward impulse, and abiding musicality of the results, the only difference would be, at ninety, even more vitality, thrust, forward impulse, and musicality.

How these two works happened to appear on the agenda for this session—which was hastily arranged when the results Casals achieved with the improvised ensemble seemed much too good not to be preserved—may have been an accident, but what a happy accident! Aside from intrinsic quality—which could be duplicated in dozens of others from the literature—each has a special identity with the man who conducts them. In the Beethoven, it is the magnitude of expression contained within the "little" Eighth, the rollicking humors which are still not without ironic overtones; in the Mendelssohn, it is the timeless spirit of youth that surges through patterns warm with the same Mediterranean sun known to Casals from his earliest days. And, as no important act of Casals's life would be complete without invoking his own, personal, four-letter "Amen" — spelled B-A-C-H—the symphonies are paralleled by a recording of the four Overtures, or orchestral Suites, of the same date. (Col-

(*Continued on page* 59)

—*Dora Harvey.*

(Above) Preparing for a performance in the Vienna Brahms Festival of 1933: Artur Schnabel at the piano, Bronislaw Huberman, violin (left) and Paul Hindemith, viola. (Below) Performing at the United Nations, 1958.

—*Culver.*

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Recordings in Review

The Other Miss Menuhin

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in B flat (Op. 22).* MENDELSSOHN: *Variations Sérieuses (Op. 54).* LISZT: *"Forest Murmurs"; "Dance of the Gnomes." Yaltah Menuhin, piano.* Everest stereo, 3146, $4.98; mono, 6146, $4.98.

WHATEVER else it may confer, having a famous name may often be as much a burden as an asset. In the case of Yaltah Menuhin, the burden has been sufficient for both shoulders. For, in addition to the shadow cast by her celebrated brother, she also has a piano-playing sister who, being earlier on the scene, absorbed the world's attention as "another" first-class musician in the Menuhin family. (Even the biographical sketch of Yehudi in Grove's *Dictionary* refuses to acknowledge that he has more than one sister, and that one named Hephzibah.)

A typically strong-minded member of a strong-minded family, this "other" Miss Menuhin has made a life and a career of her own on the West Coast. This has given rise to a series of duo piano records with Joel Ryce and other ensemble collaborations, but not, so far as I can discover, too much in the way of solo performance. The quality of what is to be heard here supports the belief that, if a Menuhin by any other name would be a fine musician, a pianist by this one hasn't received all the attention she merits.

It is a sample of the discrimination that informs her playing that Miss Menuhin has chosen the early B-flat Sonata of Beethoven of which, aside from the versions in complete series of the sonatas, there is only one recording—by Sviatoslav Richter. Hers is full of lyric freshness, a comprehensive sense of structure and a willingness to accept it for what it is rather than to inflate it beyond its inherent dimensions. She does especially well by the flowing finale (so much akin to the contemporaneous F-major, Op. 24, Violin Sonata). Miss Menuhin matches well to the requirements of Mendelssohn and likewise chooses thoughtfully in selecting the kind of Liszt to which her lightness and delicacy are appropriate.

Menuhin—"full of lyric freshness."

Hollander in the XIX Century

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in D minor (Op. 31, No. 3).* SCHUMANN: *Arabeske (Op. 18).* BRAHMS: *Intermezzo in B-flat minor (Op. 117, No. 2).* BACH-HESS: *"Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring." Lorin Hollander, piano.* RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2912, $5.79, mono, LM 2912, $4.79.

THE interest-arousing factor of this disc is not what is being played, but who is playing it. For, either by choice or dictation, Lorin Hollander's attention, on previous recordings, has been directed to such composers of the present as Khatchaturian, or of the relatively recent past (Bloch, Ravel, Prokofiev) with an outer perimeter at Rachmaninoff and Mussorgsky. This has also seemed to me a misreading, at least in part, of the musicianship which I first heard demonstrated in a Mozart concerto when Hollander was all of eleven.

It is gratifying to discover that the disposition is still present despite the considerable success that Hollander has enjoyed, and the kinds of works through which it has been achieved. Especially impressive is the re-creation of the Beethoven Sonata—clean, articulate, beautifully controlled. One sometimes has the sensation that he is operating on it with a surgical objectivity, laying bare the details of structural relationship rather than conveying his emotional response to the work as a whole. But Hollander's cool kind of command makes one realize that there is more than one way of viewing a musical expression on this scale, and his is observed from the vantage point of literate musicality and serious purpose.

If there is a respect in which Hollander's playing both of the Sonata and the shorter works falls short of the highest objectives, it is in the matter of piano tone. His treatment of the Schumann *Arabeske* is full of happy turns of phrase, of sensitive response to opportunities for lyric statement, but the piano sound in which they are restated strikes me almost as ascetic in its application of the resonance and depth that the instrument can yield. One might suggest that this is a carry-over from his absorption with the twentieth-century literature for which a more percussive tone production is wholly valid. But this would imply that Hollander, as an artist, is limited to one kind of expression, which is plainly disproved by his sympathy with the range of music on this record.

A Memento of Fine

FINE: *Symphony 1962. The Boston Symphony conducted by the composer. Serious Song; Toccata Concertante. The Boston Symphony conducted by Erich Leinsdorf.* RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2829, $5.79; mono, LM 2829, $4.79.

ACCORDING to everything that has accumulated about the late Irving Fine since his death in 1962, he was a musician of sympathetic spirit and generally admirable traits who enjoyed the esteem of some of the most distinguished colleagues of the day (Aaron Copland, for example, contributes a warming word of tribute to this issue). A native of Boston, Fine lived most of his life in that community, working at Harvard with Piston (one of his contemporaries was Leonard Bernstein), returning to teach there, and later at Brandeis.

The three works herein reproduced span a period from 1948 (*Toccata Concertante*) to 1962 (Symphony), with the *Serious Song* at the midway point of 1955. They share a large sense of assurance in writing for the orchestra (in the case of the *Serious Song*, for strings alone), an attractive economy of style, and a disposition to treat the listener as an adult participant in the composer's thinking—by which I mean that there is no discernible padding; he says what he wants to say directly and succinctly.

These are all valuable traits, but Fine lacks, to my way of hearing, the most valuable of all—anything like originality. That, to be sure, is the province of but a few in any historical period; but most composers who reach the age that Fine did when the Symphony was introduced (forty-eight) have found a way of assimilating their inheritance to the point where, if it does not sound like anyone special, it does not sound like everyone in general. The *Serious Song* comes close to establishing a mood and vocabulary suggestive of an individual voice, but in the Symphony there is such a clamor of others—ranging across such S's as Shostakovich, Stravinsky, and Schuman—that isolation of Fine's own voice is difficult. Leinsdorf's direction of the

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two shorter works is of his peak proficiency, and the orchestra also plays beautifully in the Symphony. Lest this venture seem indicative of a new policy at RCA toward contemporary works, it may be noted that the jacket carries the words: "Recorded under the auspices of Brandeis University."

The Non-Veritable Granados

GRANADOS: *Danzas Espanolas (Op. 37, Nos. 1, 2, 5, 7 and 10); El Pelele ("Goyescas"); Improvisation; Reverie Improvisation; Prelude ("Maris de Carmen"); and Introduction to Act III of Goyescas. Enrique Granados, piano.* Everest 909, mono and stereo, $4.98.

AS THE world well knows, the life of Enrique Granados was tragically sacrificed midway in World War I, when his ship was torpedoed as he was returning to Europe from the premiere of his *Goyescas* at the Metropolitan. It is thus somewhat of a feat for Everest to offer a version of his own performances in "stereo."

What it is offering is, of course, not a veritable likeness of Granados at all—let alone a stereo one—but a transcription, using a multiple-mike pickup, of his playing as inscribed on a player-piano roll for Duo Art. It is one of a series titled "Archives of Piano Music."

To judge from the acoustical result on the Granados disc, the 1929 Steinway (owned by Harold L. Powell of North Hollywood, California), used as the intermediary, is a well sounding, responsive instrument and the Duo Art mechanism coupled to it was in dependable functioning condition. The crisp but non-percussive touch with which Granados evoked the strumming, guitar-like background of his Spanish Dances is definitely a distinctive one, and the pedaling is likewise individual. One can also determine something about tempo from these performances, though it is unfortunate that the roll seems to slip in the most famous of the set (No. 5, "Andaluza").

It is at best a tantalizing contact with the departed that is evoked by this means. As against what the wax recording of the time could do with the piano—which is to say, very little that is credible—the perforated roll does substitute the veritable sound of the instrument. But just as one is lulled into the belief that this is something like the way the composer might have played his music, a palpably mechanical, angular, phrase intrudes and the illusion is shaken, if not shattered. Of its kind, however, this transcription is reasonably persuasive and the instrumental sound is certainly excellent.

"Falstaff" from Vienna

THE PRESUMPTION that a *Falstaff* directed by Leonard Bernstein would be a Bernstein *Falstaff* is only partially fulfilled by his first full length operatic recording and Columbia's first in many a month (Columbia stereo M3S 750, $17.39; mono M3L 350, $14.39). It is also a Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau *Falstaff*, a tribute to the German baritone's force of personality in projecting onto discs, at least, a conception of the leading role for which he is celebrated in Europe.

What it is not, unhappily, is consistently Verdi's *Falstaff*, which is to say, a totality of effort all flowing in the same direction. In the scenes of the ladies when Falstaff is absent, or in the finale when he is not a potently audible factor, it is at least consistently Bernstein's conception of how Verdi should have written it, if not exactly as he did write it. When Fischer-Dieskau is involved—as Falstaff is for somewhat more than half the length of the work—the emphasis is as he prefers it, with vocal execution more prominent than dramatic characterization. That is not to say that character is absent; it is, rather, that the vocal sound and the finely phrased line remain the dominant factors. It is thus just the inverse of the currently classic impersonation of Geraint Evans in which character predominates, on a 60-40 ratio.

In its embracing aspects, Bernstein's conception tends, as it was in his initial venture with the score at the Metropolitan in the spring of 1964, to be faster than fast or slower than slow—a by-product no doubt of the conductor's metabolism. But the controls—stage action and audience reaction—which resulted, when the initial excitement wore off, in some of those "live" performances being very much as they should be, are absent here. This results in almost everything being too *too*—loud, soft, impassioned, lyric, whatever. All too lacking, too, is repose—those moments of contrast which were built into the work by Verdi rarely have the effect he intended.

I do not downgrade the virtuosity or the brilliance with which Bernstein has brought off his intended effects, or the animating influence he has on the instrumental as well as the vocal participants. But it is a downright drag when he draws out the contrasting material in the second act finale in order to make something more of it than it is on the printed page. The simple fact is that in this undertaking Bernstein cannot resist

Fischer-Dieskau—"finely phrased line."

Bernsteining Verdi, who hardly needs it. (A simple statement by Alice, on pages 236-7 of the orchestral score, marked *dolcissimo con grazia*, ends at half the pace it started, though any direction to that effect is absent.)

In the ebb and flow from action to inaction some salient efforts (other than those of Bernstein and Fischer-Dieskau) stand out. Among them is the Quickly of Regina Resnik, given the measure of immortality it deserves; likewise the Fenton of Juan Oncina, delightfully insinuating itself into the action as well as appropriately complementary to the silvery sound of Graziella Sciutti as Nannetta (his "Dal labbro il canto" is unpleasantly strained, however). There is, in fact, not a lax choice among the principals, ranging from Rolando Panerai as a suitably irascible Ford, Ilva Ligabue as his wife (a part she also sings in the Solti-Evans version on RCA Victor), and Hilde Rössl-Majdan as Meg, down to Murray Dickie in a sparkling effort as Bardolph and Erich Kunz as Pistol.

Of the contemporary *Falstaffs* (setting aside the Toscanini version of the early Fifties as occupying another realm of sound), my preference remains the Solti-Evans version. The ensemble called the "RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra" is not the Vienna Philharmonic, nor does Solti achieve some of the moments of instrumental brilliance that Bernstein does. However, he has the advantage of a wholly sympathetic Falstaff in Evans, which results in an achievement which is much more of a piece. The Vienna recording, done in the Sofiensaal by London Decca technicians, is superb.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Honegger: Symphonies Nos. 2 and 3 (*Liturgical*). Serge Baudo conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Crossroads 22 16 0009, $2.49; stereo, 22 16 0010, $2.49.	"Serge Baudo and the Czech Philharmonic" sounds so much like a perfect mating of Central European compatriots that it is a little surprising to discover (not from this issue, of course, but from Philips 900-109 where he collaborates with Gérard Souzay) that he is thoroughly French, son of a professor of oboe at the Paris Conservatory, and nephew of cellist Paul Tortelier. His musical bloodlines are readily apparent in his finely phrased, admirably seasoned attention to Honegger's requirements. In addition to putting both works into vigorous motion from the start and sustaining them without remission, he has succeeded in getting the Czech Philharmonic to give him rather more the kind of dry, pointed sound appropriate to Honegger than is their inbred way of performing. The result is an economical but wholly enjoyable approach to the music in these works, plus a good mark of future attention beside Baudo's name.
Mahler: Symphony No. 1. Karel Ancerl conducting the Czech Philharmonic. Crossroads 22 16 0011, $2.49; stereo, 22 16 0012, $2.49.	The Czech view of Mahler is especially pertinent to this First Symphony, which embodies more than a little that is related to his Bohemian birth and background. A good deal of this emerges from Ancerl's sympathetic performance and especially from the loving caress of the orchestra's excellent strings. Ancerl is prone, every so often, to a nonperceptive speeding up of transitional passages that returns Mahler's "form" to the older generation's doubts about it. In other words, there is a better, more persuasive way of dealing with this problem than Ancerl seems to know about. His preference for lingering on the work's inviting melodic passages makes for its own kind of enjoyment, but also tends to make the score sound more disjointed than it is.
Mussorgsky-Ravel: *Pictures at an Exhibition*. Ravel: *Boléro*. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. DGG 39010, $5.79; stereo, 139010, $5.79.	As the musical values in these works have long since been examined, exposed, and exploited, it must be for other reasons that a conductor of Herbert von Karajan's skills applies himself to their exposition. That reason, clearly, includes the proposition that the present Berlin Philharmonic is equipped to do something for them that no other orchestra can, and that is the principal impression conveyed by these exemplary reproductions. Karajan has developed a quality of sound and a unanimity in the application of it which imparts a luster and character to these performances just as distinctive, in their special way, as those of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Of the two, there is more interest in the Mussorgsky-Ravel, for the variety of colors and effects it contains add to more that is aurally exciting than the stratified repetitions of Ravel minus Mussorgsky. The avoidance of "excitement" per se (thereby resulting, in the end, in more) is an impressive testimonial to the heightened sophistication of Karajan's conducting in recent years.
Nielsen: Symphony No. 6; Overture and Prelude to Act II (*Maskerade*). Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 6282, $4.79; stereo, MS 6882, $5.79.	Like several of its predecessors, the Sixth (final) Symphony of Nielsen has a subtitle: "Sinfonia Semplice." This may be a phase of the composer's humor asserting itself, for it is, musically, anything but naïve or unsophisticated. Rather, it may have been a commentary on his own use of such terms as *Expansiva, Inextinguishable,* and *Four Temperaments* to describe the philosophic concepts that were embodied in them. Here Nielsen seems to be concerned with varied aspects of the "Comédie Humaine" that presented themselves in the Twenties, musically and otherwise. It is rather remarkable that, in movement two, Nielsen hits on a strain of musical thought that was to occur twenty years later to Bartók, in his now much played Concerto for Orchestra. The probability is that it issued from a common antecedent—who would have to be Mahler. In any case, the Sixth is a Nielsen symphony much worth the effort to become acquainted with, both for the musical thinking it contains and the relationship it bears to its predecessors. Ormandy delivers a performance that is penetrating as well as persuasive. That it is beautifully played goes almost without saying, but should be said nevertheless. The ingratiating excerpts from *Maskerade* show Nielsen's qualities in another light.
Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2. André Previn conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2899, $4.79; stereo LSC 2899, $5.79.	Previn resists the ready temptation to exaggeration or overemphasis that Rachmaninoff's score presents, which puts him in the smaller category of conductors who have undertaken this apparently easy task. The songlike elements always predominate, even in those transitional passages in which they are but fragments. He also sounds more at home with the orchestra, less inclined to drive than to coax, than in prior efforts. As generally tends to be the case in such circumstance, the orchestra responds willingly. It adds, altogether, to a lively, forward-moving performance of a work that sometimes tends to languish, and one that is more to Previn's credit than anything previously in this line. The London-Decca supervised recording is excellent.
Tchaikovsky: *Manfred* Symphony. Igor Markevitch conducting the London Symphony. Philips PHM 500-110, $4.98; stereo, PHS 900-110, $5.98.	By any standard, this is beautiful Tchaikovsky—poised, comprehending, and responsive to the elements that comprise the composer's individuality. By the special ones that apply to *Manfred,* it is an outstanding accomplishment for a musician who has steadily grown to the stature where such results may regularly be expected from him. It is no mystery why the multiple versions which accrue to other orchestral works of Tchaikovsky are lacking with *Manfred* (the last notable one was by Toscanini). Formally, it is less gainly than even the least well-constructed symphony, and its content may overflow the wall separating tone from noise unless carefully restrained. Markevitch clearly has the grasp of its content to make the loose connection of ideas hold together, and distinguish clearly the Byronic from the moronic. A stimulating performance, impressively reproduced.
Varèse: *Arcana*. Martin, F.: Concerto. Jean Martinon and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2914, $4.79; stereo, LSC 2914, $5.79.	While waiting for the Boulez complete edition of Varèse to materialize (there must, surely, be one on the way whenever he finishes his Handel-Stravinsky investigations) one may find Martinon's Varèse a comforting solution for those moments when all other music has lost appeal, and something quietly stimulating is in order. Martinon clearly has a French sense of sonority to apply to Varèse's writing, resulting in something lighter, more airborne and open, in sound, than the average, or Craft, kind. However, even this tends to wear out listening interest well before the seventeen minutes, fifty seconds of the pieces are exhausted. The performance of the Martin, a much quieter work and doubtless less fashionable for that reason, is even more to the credit of Martinon and his ensemble. The seven wind instruments—Donald Peck, flute; Ray Still, oboe; Clark Brody, clarinet; Willard Elliot, bassoon; Adolph Herseth, trumpet; Dale Clevenger, horn; Jay Friedman, trombone; and Donald Koss, timpani—have developed an extraordinary unanimity of style and sound, to which Martinon's contribution is no doubt basic. Both sides are stunningly reproduced, with even more diversity of values in the Martin than the Varèse. —Irving Kolodin.

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Maazel, Classicist

BACH: *Mass in B minor. Teresa Stich-Randall, soprano; Anna Reynolds, contralto; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass; Lorin Maazel conducting the RIAS Chorus and RSO Berlin.* Philips stereo, SPS 3-981, $14.87; mono, SPM 3-581, $11.87. (3 discs).

BACH: *The Six Brandenburg Concertos. Lorin Maazel conducting RSO Berlin.* Philips stereo, SPS 2-982, $10.08; mono, SPM 2-582, $8.08 (2 discs).

BACH: *Four Suites for Orchestra. Lorin Maazel conducting RSO Berlin.* Philips stereo, SPS 2-983, $10.08; mono, SPM 2-583, $8.08 (2 discs).

IN THE old days, conductors used to get their start and basic training as assistants in the opera house; today they come up through radio and recordings. In Europe, that is. In America, conductors serve their apprenticeship with minor-league orchestras, which gives them the privilege of conducting bush-league orchestras for the rest of their lives; meanwhile the majors import their conductors from elsewhere.

Faced with this fact and with the bleak future of an ex-prodigy, Lorin Maazel hitchhiked to Europe on a Fulbright, let it be known that he was available anywhere, anytime, and, through the magic of European radio (and, later, recordings), made it to the big time. Maazel's early successes were nearly all radio dates in Italy and France, but, still in his mid-thirties, he has increasingly taken a dominant position in Central European musical life. A few years ago he was invited to Bayreuth, the first American and the youngest conductor of any nationality ever to appear there; it was his first assignment in an opera house, an incredible reversal of the traditions of German operatic theater!

Since then he has become a great recording star, rivaling von Karajan in popularity and sales. And he has all but taken over the second capital of musical life in the German-speaking world. The orchestra here, the former RIAS symphony, is the Radio Orchestra of Berlin, a close second to the Berlin Philharmonic; Maazel succeeded Ferenc Fricsay as its permanent director; he is also director of the West Berlin Opera.

Recording and radio conducting (which often involves recording on tape) call forth a very different kind of music making than, say, the old opera-house traditions; perhaps the point has not been sufficiently emphasized in explaining the history of recent performing style. In the opera house, flexibility, expansiveness, verbal phrasing and breath articulation, projection, and even embellishment and rhythmic freedom are necessary virtues, and these ideas naturally carried over into symphonic conducting. With radio and recording, precision, accuracy, vitality, crisp articulation, and briskness are essential features of a performance that can be heard over and over again and cannot afford to display errors, mannerisms, or any kind of laboring or hammering home. Rhythmic vitality, evenness, no foot-dragging, and a certain amount of stylish resonant pomp generally work well. This is Maazel's basic style—to the dismay of older opera buffs, he even carries it right into the opera house.

Maazel followed a rather familiar path in his choice of repertoire. Gifted with a remarkable memory (which, however, on occasion may fail him), he has always specialized in everything; but, basically, he began with the moderns, worked his way through the Romantics, and is now in the process of becoming a classicist. In fact, his Fulbright topic was to study performance practice in Baroque music, and these recordings might be regarded as his thesis if not for the fact that, merely on the grounds of performance practice, they fail pretty badly. The harpsichord is there and modestly present in most cases, and some of the other instruments are also the apposite old ones; but the performances are extremely sparing and, worse, extremely inconsistent in matters of ornament (there are places where absolutely parallel passages get different length apoggiaturas, a sin punishable by condemnation to copy C.P.E. Bach's treatise in Gothic script). Then, too, he lays out the dynamics in terraces, but the construction of the levels is often mighty peculiar and there are some strange, thinly drawn-out final ritards. Finally, as a general comment, the orchestral sound is large and weighty, sometimes too much so; with the help of an over-reverberant acoustic (notably in the B-minor Mass), lines he has obviously worked so hard to etch out are obscured and reduced to mere disturbance beneath an over-rich, vibrant surface.

Except for the use of a large, resonant sound, these are not really the faults of the old Romantic, operatic school of conductors. Maazel can be rhetorical—it is perhaps his biggest fault—but it is modern rhetoric all right and, in its general grandiosity and pomposity, not always so far from certain aspects of Baroque expression. Maazel fails ultimately, not only because his engineers do him in, but because his rhetoric is purely instinctual, his grandiosity purely personal. There is no "overt" distortion here; merely a lack of study and thought that grows out of the assumption that because it is done with Maazelian personal conviction it is well done.

Some of it is, in fairness, quite well done. When there are no "Gloria" choruses, no shouts, trumpets, and drums, but only two or three long-spun, crisp, rhythmic lines, the results can be superb. The Brandenburg set is actually full of excellent things and nearly always in inverse proportion to the size and lushness of the ensemble. With a capable international group of soloists and some good old-instrument sounds, Maazel works out long, brilliant articulations and a breathless kind of phrase pulse that gives shape and direction; the sound here is relatively clear and proportionately grateful.

THE Suites, on the other hand, are treated as orchestral music and are often submerged in the resultant sonorous pomp. The opening adagios are uniformly unsuccessful, lacking as they do repeats, double dots, general rhythmic and harmonic incisiveness and clarity; the allegros generally work out better. The dances, too, are treated in terms of a big orchestral sound which, in many cases, dampens their dance-rhythm vitality.

The B-minor Mass is, tragically, the least successful of all and this in spite of a really excellent group of soloists and plenty of brilliant ideas. First of all, the chorus is not first-rate at all and that is handicap enough. (Who is to blame? Maazel? Philips? Berlin radio? No matter; it still puts this performance out of the running.) As if to cover this up, the engineers have manufactured a cathedral reverberation which is so extended that the disc often cuts off at the end of a band before the sound has actually completely died away.

These factors, plus the use of a large ensemble of strings and some eccentric interpretive ideas, effectively blur the great outlines of this work. Yet there are remarkable things therein. Try the "Et in unum Dominum" without listening to anything else and you will probably be sold immediately. Again when the scale is small and the rhythmic impulse strong, Maazel—here he has some exquisite vocal help—is able to sketch out a kind of twisting, vibrant, articulated Baroque line which is remarkable enough to make one doubly regret the rest.

—ERIC SALZMAN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Chopin: Preludes (opus 28). Ivan Moravec, piano. Connoisseur Society CM 1366, $4.79; stereo, CS 1366, $5.79.	Moravec performs some of the quieter preludes with composure, good piano sound, and a warming insight into the character of the music. However, those of a more animated or dramatic character tend to elude his complete control and blur tonally or be marred by wrong notes. This sounds to be less a matter of technical resource than of a quest for "temperament" of a sort that is more external than internal. Unlike several other issues in which additional material is included on the second side (in one instance, a complete sonata), Connoisseur limits the content of the two sides to the preludes alone. The quality of the performance hardly warrants this "premium" treatment.
Janáček: Concertino; Sonata in E-flat minor. Josef Paleniček, piano, with Václav Kólouch and Jiři Baxa, violins; Jaroslav Motlik, viola; Karel Dlouthý, clarinet; Vladimir Kubát, horn; and Karel Vacek, bassoon. Jarmil Burghauser conducting. Bartók: Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion. Vera Lejskova and Vlastimil Lejsek, pianos, with Bohuslav Krška and Zdeněk Mácal, percussion. Crossroads 22 16 0073, $2.49; stereo, 22 16 0074, $2.49.	There are somewhat more thorns than roses in this bouquet, but no lack of aroma nevertheless. The Concertino is a "little" concerto both in scope and length, but it develops some aspects of the Janáček aesthetic that are not commonly encountered in his more familiar vocal writing. Paleniček's pianism is both forthright and dependable, his associates of the instrumental ensemble well qualified to carry out the by no means conventional tasks assigned to them by the composer. The performers of the Bartók can hold their own, dynamically, with any who have previously recorded it; and if the recording itself does not have as much definition as some others, it is clear and well balanced.
Mozart: Divertimento No. 17 in D. Louis Lane conducting members of the Cleveland Orchestra, with Rafael Druian. Columbia ML 6324, $4.79; stereo, MS 6924, $5.79.	As well as serving capably as George Szell's associate conductor in Cleveland, Lane has commended himself with the results he has achieved in a number of prior recording ventures (mostly of the "Pops" variety). The present one is of another sort, and the results are variable. This is not for lack of technical resource or musicianship, for in both respects Lane sustains the quality level expected of him. It is, altogether, more a matter of what he fails to do—define, mark, outline, underscore—in fulfillment of Mozart's purpose, than what he overdoes, or does *against* that purpose. This becomes even more critical in this category of work, which could well be entrusted to the able performers themselves without intercession of a leader. In other words, the negative effect of Lane's participation also thwarts what the players might be inclined to do on their own. Druian treats the elaborate (but uncomplicated) first violin parts of movements two and six as soli, somewhat in the manner of the version of the Forties in which Joseph Szigeti participated. Of recent versions, the Karajan remains preferable for character and definition.
Rossini: "Viva l'amore, viva il piacer," (*Il Turco in Italia*). Mozart: "Zum Leiden bin ich auserkoren," and "Der Hölle Rache" (*Die Zauberflöte*). Verdi: "Caro nome" (*Rigoletto*). Delibes: "Où va la jeune Hindoue" (*Lakmé*). Donizetti: "Regnava nel silenzio . . . Quando rapito" and "Il dolce suono . . . Spargi d'amaro pianto" (*Lucia*). Jeanette Scovotti, soprano, with the Orchestra Sinfonica di Roma conducted by Nicolas Flagello. Scope V-0002, $4.79; stereo, V-0002S, $5.79.	All the performances are creditable to Scovotti's standing as a singer of taste and a musician of discrimination, though she imperils respect for her judgment as well as pleasure in the best sound of which she is capable by undertaking matter that is too heavy for her voice (especially the aria of the Queen of the Night). In the more suitable excerpts from the roles of Gilda, Lakmé, and Lucia, Miss Scovotti sets and sustains a very high standard of intonation, accuracy, and musicianship. Nor does she stint on spirited delivery of a flourish up to F in the "Bell Song" or the traditional excesses of Lucia (also zeroing on F). Her particular limitation is a smallish output of quality sound: When pushed, it becomes wiry and hard. However, even when the resonance is sacrificed, the basic discipline is a remarkable tribute to long conscientious work. The Rossini air (sung by Fiorilla) is described as its "first known recording." Scovotti traces its intricacies with assurance and appropriately high spirit. The Rome-based recording is highly successful.
Schubert: "An die Entfernte"; "Auf dem Wasser zu singen"; "Der Schiffer"; "Der Wanderer"; "Das Zügenglöcklein"; "Der Jüngling und der Tod"; "Das Heimweh"; "Das Lied im Grünen"; "Der Tod und das Mädchen"; "Der Winterabend"; "Der zürnende Barde"; "Der Strom"; and "Litanei auf das Fest Aller Seelen." Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with Gerald Moore, piano. Angel 36342, $4.79, stereo, S-36342, $5.79.	How many of Schubert's nearly 600 songs have now been recorded would be an interesting research project—something over half would be my guess. Perhaps "Das Zügenglöcklein," "Der Winterabend," and "An die Entfernte" have been recorded in performances of this quality previously, but if so, I have not encountered them. They are also among the best specimens of Fischer-Dieskau's art on this record, not blemished by the tendency toward over-emphasis that mars the better known "Das Lied im Grünen" and "Auf dem Wasser zu singen." Indeed the beautiful "Winterabend"—which William Mann happily describes in his annotation as "almost a *Moment Musical* with voice obbligato"—is a summation, in microcosm, of the qualities of Fischer-Dieskau and Moore. The dark quality summoned by the baritone for the following (at least, according to this placement) "Der zürnende Barde" is a major tribute to the domination he has achieved over this aspect of the singer's problem. On the other hand, his very well-sung "Tod und das Mädchen" leaves some doubt with me that it is a "Man's" song. An absorbing disc, by any standard, and splendidly reproduced.
Schubert: "An die Musik"; "Im Abendrot"; "Ständchen"; "Abschied"; "Im Frühling"; "Der Lindenbaum"; "Sei mir gegrüsst"; "Wanderer's Nachtlied"; "Geheimes." Schumann: "Mondnacht"; "Wer machte dich so krank?"; "Alte Laute"; "Erstes Grün"; "Die beiden Grenadiere." Strauss: "Ach, weh mir unglückhafterm Mann" and "Ich trage meine Minne." Hans Hotter, bass, with Gerald Moore, piano. Seraphim 60025, $2.49; stereo, S 60025, $2.49.	Those to whom Hotter is familiar only from some recent Wagner ventures may be surprised to discover that he ever commanded the richness of sound or the ability to control it that he does here. As noted when the record first appeared in 1960, he uses only part of the voice that was once so eloquently his, and here and there the signs of strain are audible. However, it may be doubted that any singer of his low voice category ever accomplished so fine and flowing a performance of "An die Musik," and his "Lindenbaum" and "Ständchen" are comparably profound. In the Schumann and Strauss songs, as well as in the Schubert, Moore's backgrounding is as much a part of the total result as the composer intended. An indispensable record for the lieder collection of any who does not already own it.
Tchaikovsky: Sextet (opus 70). The Guarneri Quartet, with Boris Kroyt, viola; and Mischa Schneider, cello. RCA Victor LM 2916, $4.79; stereo, LSC 2916, $5.79.	This memento of the composer's three months' stay in Florence (in 1890) while he was composing *Pique Dame* is more Tchaikovskyan than Florentine, but it honors its nickname (*Souvenir de Florence*) nevertheless. It begins somewhat awkwardly, as if the composer were not quite sure what he was going to do with the six strings, but once underway, it shows that he had quite clearly decided to write a smaller scaled but no less compelling "Serenade for Strings" akin to his opus 48 of ten years before. The scope is smaller, tonally, but much of the contrapuntal intertwining is of the same order, likewise the rise and fall of the melodic line in the Adagio. Concluding the work is a finale that develops much the same momentum as the similar movement of the Violin Concerto. Steinhardt, who was on the verge of a brillant solo career when he affiliated himself with John Dailey (violin), Michael Tree (viola), and David Soyer (cello) to form this excellent ensemble, has more technical virtuosity than is common with even the best quartet leaders. Thus he can engage such problems head-on rather than trying to turn them away. It all comes off so well, indeed, that one wonders why there has not yet been a Balanchine ballet on the work and its Florentine associations, so pertinent now. —I.K.

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Electric Organ Blues

SINCE I AM about to discuss some recent releases by electric organists, I had better confess a predisposition against the instrument. In 1943 I had an enforced stay in South Bend, Indiana, courtesy of the U.S. Navy. In that part of the country any bar with enough pretension to call itself a cocktail lounge felt required to hire a female electric organist. These ladies all seemed to have blue hair, relentlessly fixed smiles, and a repertory which consisted of "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life," "Nola," and "Tales from the Vienna Woods," all played with wrong chord changes.

Then there's the sound of the instrument. One writer has referred to it, somewhat euphemistically, I expect, as like bubbles blown through warm motor oil on a sticky summer day. To me, an electric organ sometimes sounds like a kind of controlled "feedback"—the sort of shrieked *beep* one gets when he places a live microphone in front of a loudspeaker, or, in electronically more innocent days, the sound that came out of the family Philco when some home repairman got to work on it without remembering to pull out the plug.

All of which is not a way of disqualifying myself so much as a way of implying (with a reviewer's natural immodesty, to be sure) that *any* good words I have to say about an electric organist might indicate his work is worth hearing.

Until the 1950s, most jazz organists worked the instrument part-time and were pianists full-time, and most of them sounded like it. One exception, to be sure, was Fats Waller, who knew his pipe organ as well as its bastard electronic cousin. Another exception was Count Basie, who played the instrument with the same technical modesty he brought to the piano and, on occasion, the same glorious results—for example, "Nobody Knows," on Columbia CL 901. In the early Fifties, the instrument established itself with popular players such as Bill Doggett and Wild Bill Davis. But stylistically these men were robust, latter-day manifestations of the swing era.

Then, in 1955, came Jimmy Smith, and it seemed that in Jimmy Smith we had a modern jazz organist. Certainly, the organ was his instrument; he knew how to use its foot pedals and its complexity of stops; he had ample technique; he understood the modern idiom; and he could coax warm sound and strong individual emotion out of the burping electronic box. However, it soon appeared that Smith's function was not so much to explore the idiom of modern jazz on the organ as to translate that idiom into the more accessibly popular tradition of convivial urban blues—that Smith belonged to the honorable tradition of the barroom bluesman, the "gin mill player," as former argot put it; the "soul cat," in more contemporary parlance.

Smith's first records were made for Blue Note. He has since signed with Verve, but the move seems to have bothered Blue Note not at all, for the label apparently has an endless backlog of Jimmy Smith which it issues periodically.

Personally, I find Smith's music wonderful to hear—or perhaps to overhear—but not altogether rewarding to listen to. To put it another way, I'm always struck by his fine emotion, superb swing, and admirable touch, but after a few choruses of shouting and wailing, he often loses me. But I sometimes get back to him, for Smith usually saves his interesting melodic ideas for the climax of a performance. "Bucket," the title piece from the recent Blue Note Smith LP (4235), is the kind of energetic, gospel-derived Jimmy Smith blues that sounds marvelous coming out of a neighborhood juke box. On the same LP is a slower blues, "Sassy Mae," and a waltz blues, "3 for 4."

AS you can see, the down-home titles give the genre of the music, and so does the rest of the repertory, in traditional pieces like "Careless Love" (in a well sustained performance, by the way) or "John Brown's Body," or more sophisticated songs that lend themselves to blues-y treatments like "Just Squeeze Me" and "Come Rain or Come Shine."

A more recently recorded Smith album, *Hoochie Coochie Man,* on Verve 8667, comes with some of the paraphernalia of success—big-band arrangements (some good ones, too, by Oliver Nelson); a repertory partly borrowed from blues singers like Willie Dixon and John Lee Hooker; vocals by Smith himself; a folksy, wailing harmonica, etc. Much of the LP sounds as though Jimmy Smith were out to prove that he is earthy and funky—something which doesn't need proving, or in any case, something which could never be proven under protest.

Richard "Groove" Holmes is a West Coast organist of nearly as wide success as Jimmy Smith. His new release

Jimmy Smith—"a modern jazz organist."

on Warner Brothers's subsidiary label, Loma (5902), also features some big-band effects and re-creations of some long-established blues numbers like "I'm Gonna Move to the Outskirts of Town," but Holmes is a far less interesting player than Jimmy Smith. Indeed, on "Night Train," he seems to be fudging a bit—either that or I don't know how the piece goes. In any case, Groove Holmes makes few pretenses to either musical sophistication or modernism.

Recently, an organist has come along who seems capable of doing the job for the instrument that Jimmy Smith left unfinished. His name is Larry Young, and he can be heard with a sextet on a new Blue Note release called *Unity* (4221). Young is a good accompanist and ensemble player (rare qualities in an organist), but it is his own exploratory but lucid solos that impress one. His extended reading of Thelonious Monk's "Monk's Dream" impresses one even more, and it suggests that an organ trio recital by Larry Young, with bass and drums on challenging pieces from the modern repertory, might impress one most of all, and might at last provide us with a classic recital of modern jazz organ.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 10, 8, 5, 2, 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9.

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Caballé as Lucrezia Borgia

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

MONTSERRAT CABALLE now has recorded the role in which she made her almost hysterically greeted New York debut on April 20, 1965: Lucrezia Borgia in Donizetti's opera of that title (RCA Victor LSC-6176 stereo, $17.39, LM-6176 mono, $14.39). Jonel Perlea conducts—with, for him, strange listlessness—the RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus. In the three most important of the opera's thirteen other roles we hear Shirley Verrett, Alfredo Kraus, and Ezio Flagello. These three discs contain a very considerable quantity of beautiful singing. What they quite fail to provide, except at a few of the more violent climaxes, is the impassioned and bloody drama called for by both Felice Romani's libretto (an expert condensation of Victor Hugo's *Lucrèce Borgia*) and Donizetti's almost Verdian score. The performance, that is, excels in decoration but skimps on the grim, solid background to which that decoration is meant to be applied.

Caballé remains an ambiguous figure among today's newer sopranos. She has a sensuously seductive and mostly very well-controlled voice. But she seems frequently insensitive to the demands of the shaping phrase, to accurate rhythmic attack, and to melodic continuity—which she often destroys by extraneous shifts in volume that appear to be brought on by overcarefulness in preparation for what comes next. Certainly she "sings beautifully." But *Lucrezia Borgia* is a drama of passion, poisoning, suggested incest, and death, and she seems much less interested in it than in the sensuous effect of her tones.

Nor is she completely secure and clear or altogether comfortable in chromatic runs, trills, and Donizetti's other character- and situation-evoking *fioriture*. What a Donizetti *opera seria* must have—and particularly from its chief protagonist—is such complete ease in the most difficult vocal passages that they can be used as merely one more method of creating the drama. With Caballé here, and despite much that she sings superbly, the drama suffers.

In this recording, it suffers for another reason. Henriette Méric-Lalande, the first (1833) Lucrezia Borgia, insisted that Donizetti add to the score a pyrotechnical *cabaletta* with which she could conclude the opera in glory. Donizetti thought it silly for a mother to burst into vocal fireworks over the body of her beloved son (whom she herself has poisoned), but he had to satisfy his star. In 1840, however, preparing a second version of *Lucrezia Borgia* for La Scala, he found the soprano (Erminia Frezzolini) more amenable. He therefore suppressed the offending *cabaletta* and composed to put in its place a death-scene *arioso* for Gennaro, the dying son, thus in a way paralleling Edgardo's "Tu che a Dio spiegasti l'ali" in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. As sung by Napoleone Moriani, that *arioso* guaranteed the success of the opera. Alfredo Kraus, the Gennaro of the present recording, excels as a Donizettian tenor; he could have sung that *arioso* in a manner to bring the Borgian tragedy to its destined close. But Caballé, not Kraus, is the reason the recording was made at all—and so Donizetti's wishes have been flouted, and we are left with Méric-Lalande's wholly inappropriate *cabaletta*.

Montserrat Caballé—sensuously seductive voice.

To Shirley Verrett as Maffio Orsini falls the pleasure of singing the most renowned number in *Lucrezia Borgia*: the *ballata* or *brindisi* beginning "Il segreto per essere felice" (which in old recorded versions by Ernestine Schumann-Heink and Sigrid Onegin continues to delight record-collectors). Miss Verrett is securely in the vein, but suffers a little from Maestro Perlea's lassitude, and therefore misses some of the called-for bravura. Ezio Flagello makes what can be made of the vengeful Duke of Ferrara, and the appropriate vocal equipment and stylistic propriety among the singers of even the smallest roles are notable. The recorded sound (RCA's Rome recording studio assisting) is excellent; some interesting use was made of stereophonic placement.

What the performance cripplingly lacks is dash, vigor, crispness, urgency, exactness in formative detail. Without them, and especially in this ill-advised "first edition," *Lucrezia Borgia* misrepresents Donizetti, being only a smudged and indistinct image of what it should have been.

Yellow Jackets

By Harold Witt

We camped in high country again and this time
thousands of yellow jackets buzzed smelling around
even at the lake edge where the sleek people
skied winging water behind a motor sound.

The ranger said brush lightly, and we did
as the striped insects flew, and crawled over stones
and sometimes, as we shuddered, cruised our skin—
the boats went roaring out, with their gleaming blonds

whirled on a gas wake of white and swirling back in,
piling the waves up, crowding the shore with their shine—
and of course they had every right to a mountain din,
to buzz through blue silence, then turn the ballgame on

between their walks over water—we were used to that
noise taking over the air, and commerce, the mind.
Mt. Tallac rose pristine, peaked at our right,
an incense of pine blew warm on the gentle wind

as we sat among things that could sting and wished them away,
not having thought, at least at that distance and height,
we'd find so much to brush off and try to take lightly,
so many encroachments on a pure delight.

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Plus or Minus 3dB

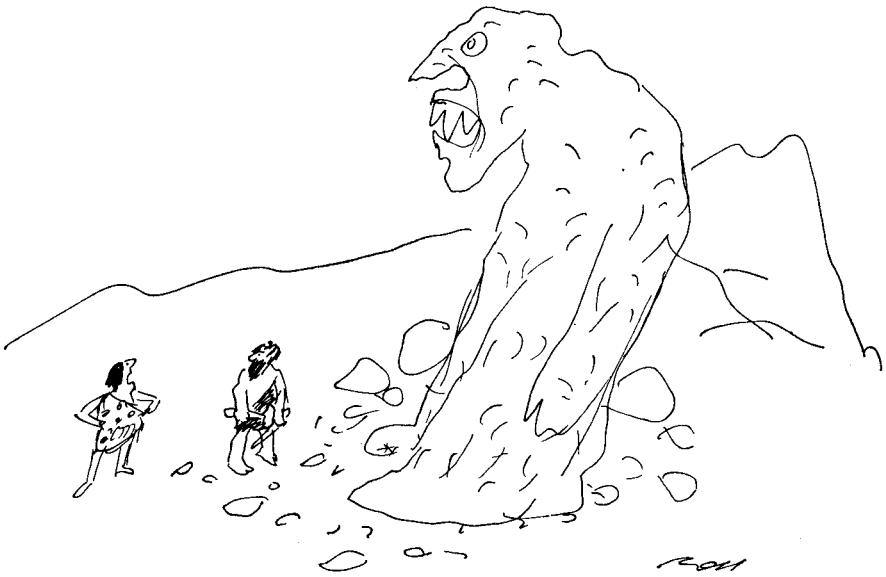
EVERY AUDIO COMPONENT processes the signal in some way: amplifying it, changing it from electrical to acoustical energy, storing it (by recording), or decoding it from a phonograph disc, tape, or from a radio transmission. The ideal component would process the signal as it had been designed to do, but leave it otherwise unaltered. The closer a system or component approaches this ideal, the higher its fidelity, and the longer and louder one can listen to it without its grating upon the ear, causing listener fatigue.

It is hard to tell, upon first listening, how fatiguing a sound system will be. Hence, the factor most commonly identified with high fidelity performance is extended frequency response. This ability to reproduce the highest and lowest frequencies of the audio range is the most easily and dramatically demonstrable capability of a high fidelity system—but the least important. Far more important is a system's freedom from distortion and noise—for these are the true fatigue factors. Non-linear and frequency distortion and noise ratings usually appear on the specification sheets of reputable high fidelity systems and components (except speakers).

Non-linear distortion is better known by the names of its two main manifestations: harmonic and intermodulation distortion. Both are expressed on spec sheets as percentages: "1 per cent distortion," for example, means that for every volt of reproduced signal in the system's output, there is an additional .01 volt of distortion products.

The products of harmonic distortion are multiples of the frequencies present in the original signal. Each of these spurious frequencies has a name. As in music, the "second harmonic" is twice the original frequency, the "third harmonic" is thrice the original, and so on, up the scale. Sometimes harmonic distortion is abbreviated "THD"—Total Harmonic Distortion—to indicate that this figure encompasses all of the harmonics rather than just one or two, but one can usually assume that of any harmonic distortion figure. There seems to be some indication that higher-numbered harmonics, especially the odd-numbered ones, are especially unpleasant to hear, perhaps because they are dissonant with the fundamental. Not all harmonics are displeasing, of course, but harmonic distortion does change the character of the sound. And, more important from the fatigue standpoint, it contributes to intermodulation distortion.

Intermodulation distortion takes two forms, the modulation of one frequency by another and the production of sum and difference frequencies. Modulation is the less common of the two, usually occurring audibly only in amplifiers with rather high distortion and most noticeable when reproducing a very low frequency and a somewhat higher one simultaneously. A choir with a heavy organ bass accompaniment, for example, may sound as though it is "pumping" in



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and out of the aural picture, the rate of its volume fluctuation being exactly equal to the frequency of the organ's lowest fundamental note.

The formation of sum and difference frequencies has been called by some authorities the principal cause of listener fatigue and irritation. A 60 Hz. tone and a 1,000 Hz. tone (which are harmonically related) will sound fairly pleasant when played through a sound system low in intermodulation distortion. But intermodulation creates spurious frequencies (a sum frequency of 1,060 Hz., and a difference frequency of 940 Hz.), which are discordant to the 1,000 Hz. tone. And further, equally discordant tones arise from the addition and subtraction of the sum-and-difference frequencies with the original tones, with each other, and with the legitimate and spurious harmonics of the original frequencies.

Frequency distortion is just another name for output level that varies according to the frequency of the input signal. When a system's frequency response is rated, for example, "30-18,000 Hz., ± 3 dB," this states that the system's output between 30 and 18,000 Hertz will at no point be more than 3 dB greater or 3 dB less than its output at 1,000 Hz —"± 3 dB" is the amount of its frequency distortion. A statement of frequency range without this qualifying statement is next to meaningless.

Sometimes output level is plotted against frequency to show at a glance the quality as well as quantity of frequency deviation. Such curves give a far better idea of how a speaker will sound than any mere statement of response and deviation can provide. A sharp peak or dip in the curve (especially the former) will be more unpleasantly audible than a gradual hump or valley of the same amplitude—yet both a 3 dB peak and a 3 dB hump are covered by the same "± 3 dB" frequency distortion specification. Better a flat, though limited, response than a wider range that looks like a profile map of the Andes.

Noise, unlike distortion, is independent of the input signal. A system's noise level is the same regardless of whether or not it is processing a signal. Hum, which can be filtered out, and noise, which includes many different types of noise ("hiss" being most common)—few of which can be filtered—are usually given in dB below some reference level, as "-60 dB." The reference level is seldom stated, but is usually full, undistorted rated output. In a tape recorder, for example, noise is usually measured relative to the "zero" or maximum recommended level on the tape, and should include both recording and playback noise. In an amplifier, it is usually measured relative to the rated output level.

—Ivan Berger.

A Footnote On Some Footnotes

THE LATEST volume in the Stravinsky-Craft collaboration, *Themes and Episodes* (Knopf, $6.95), is a kind of appendix to the other four, a brilliant collection of miscellany, leftover pot-shots, puffs, program notes, and polemics wrapped up with some fascinating sketches of the master in the form of letters from Vera Stravinsky and a big chunk of Robert Craft diaries. Craft, Stravinsky's long-time assistant and collaborator, writes well on his own hook—but he ought to have his own book; the jottings printed here occupy more than half of the volume and they are only peripherally related to the master.

On the other hand, you get some of Stravinsky's finest polemic, including several of his most potent thunderbolts hurled at critics and colleagues ("Kleenex at the ready, then, and feeling as though one had failed to stand up for 'God Save the Queen' one goes . . . to the music [Britten's *War Requiem*] to find . . . a Honegger-type cinemascope epic in an idiom derived in part from Boulanger-period Stravinsky"). You get a memoir of T. S. Eliot, an artist with whom Stravinsky obviously feels a great intellectual sympathy; you get views of rat experiments and avant-garde music festivals, notes on old and new Stravinsky, an interview for *Seventeen* magazine on tradition, convention, and old age: "We . . . are a necessary equation . . . your seventeen and my eighty-three. Together we make a perfect total." You get an eminently sensible reassessment of Webern (separating him from the phenomenon of Webernism); a fine review of Schoenberg's letters; and an amusing memoir of conductors from Weingartner to Bernstein.

There is even a certain charm in the very miscellaneousness of the material which gives it the character of earnest, biting, and witty table talk—the conversation of a man well aware that he has long since been consecrated and mythologized by a society which has ignored virtually all his recent music; a man who, at eighty-four, is still full of divine anger and commitment. He has, it is true, mellowed a bit here and there; his eternals and fundamentals are not always the same ones they used to be. But his wrath still means something; just as his music continues to function as a kind of commentary on contemporary life, so his table talk is still a source of irritation and ideas. Stravinsky is, after all, the last literate man with something to say about music and life and, astonishingly, he is still relevant and knows just exactly how to express that relevance.

Stravinsky can jab: ". . . old Bo Nils-

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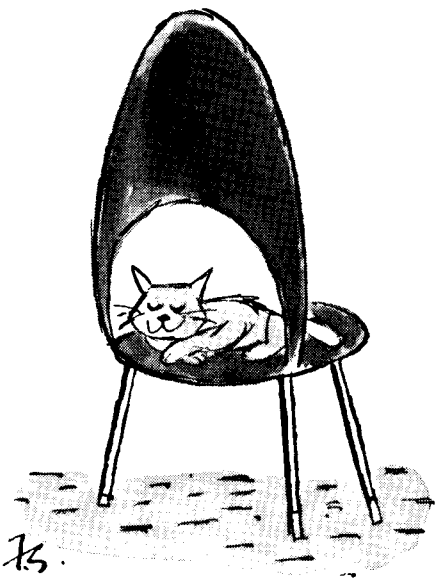
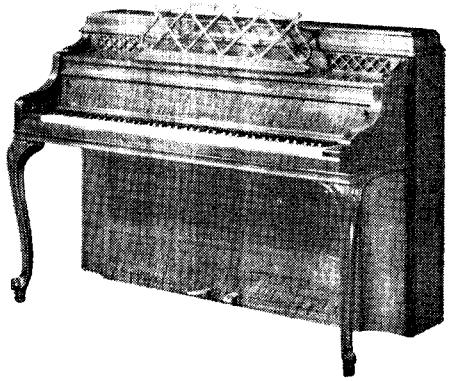
son, who seemed to have been born at a later date each year and to have come from an ice floe farther north. . . ." or ". . . the tingling anticipation of another *Umbrage for Eleven Instruments* by Humphrey Searle, or the welling up of keen emotion at the thought of a new *Pandemonium X* by Cornelius Cardew. . . ." And when he jabs, the needle is sharp and precisely pointed. Unfortunately, nearly all of his American readers will miss the references and totally misunderstand the real nature of Stravinsky's continuing love-hate, fear-need relationship to new ideas—mainly because most Americans have no relationship at all with new musical ideas. In that sense, as well as in other senses, the book becomes a bristling commentary on American musical provincialism (provincialism is one of his explicit subjects).

We have here the cosmically comic spectacle of Stravinsky, the citizen of Los Angeles, lecturing his fellow Americans on their cultural and intellectual shortcomings—not as an outsider but as one of them. Yet, at almost the same moment, he blithely assumes his public to be as literate about contemporary music as he is about most other aspects of contemporary life. The general American reader is not, of course, nor does he enjoy being reminded—in one way or another—of the fact.

One result of this is that most of Stravinsky's earlier books have gone out of print and his earlier American publisher has lost interest in its famous author. The Stravinsky-Craft dialogues—essential and brilliant source material for twentieth-century music—should be assembled, reordered in a sensible sequence, and reprinted as one large collection. The essays and notes in the volume at hand would then make an admirable and important supplement.

—Eric Salzman.





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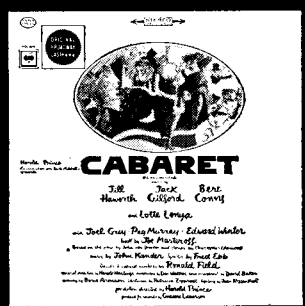
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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

On Cultural Exchange

I WOULD LIKE to commend you for the article by Martin Mayer, "The Visitors—A Decade of Cultural Exchange" [*SR*, Oct. 29]. It pointed out how important music can be as a means of exchanging our ideas and our culture. I think that it will be through the understanding of music and other humanities that we will move on to better communication and means for peace.

LAVONNE KUZELKA,
College of St. Mary.

Omaha, Neb.

Tape at Home

I HAVE READ with interest Irving Kolodin's article "The New World of Tape," [*SR*, Nov. 26] and I was a bit disappointed to find that it omitted a very important phase of the taping industry, and that is the use of the tape machine in the home as a means for recording good music from FM or TV. . . .

Home taping has come of age and it certainly will replace the expensive disc in the days to come. I am looking forward to reading something by you that will cover this important phase of music listening and music appreciation.

AUGUST B. JAFFE.

Miami Beach, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The article in question was devoted to prerecorded tape and the new developments affecting it.*

Salzman on Sibelius

IN LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR of November 26, Roger G. Horn takes exception to my having pointed out in my article on Japanese recordings of Sibelius [*SR*, Oct. 25] that Sibelius was a generation older than Stravinsky and that Sibelius had completed or was already planning all his major work by the period of the First World War. But Sibelius *was* born in 1865 and was formed intellectually and musically in the nineteenth century; the Sixth and Seventh Symphonies, although completed in the Twenties, were conceived and planned around the time of World War I.

Sibelius's music had been used—pro and con—as part of certain "contemporary" polemics; my point (which the correspondent either missed or is anxious for some reason to deny) was to free the music from these polemics and re-evaluate it in its proper place as late Romantic music.

Mr. Horn seems to want to argue that because I tried to take a fresh look at Sibelius's music without giving it blanket endorsement (or, for that matter, blanket rejection), therefore: a) I was not previously familiar with any of it; b) I didn't like any of it; c) I should or could not evaluate the music or its recording. Mr. Horn is swinging wildly. The points a) and b) are untrue, and c) is an interesting standard for criticism, requiring critics to like everything they review *a priori*.

What I did say in the review was that Sibelius was properly viewed as a late Romantic of the same generation as Mahler; that his music ought to be freshly viewed apart from the old and misleading controversies; that listening to seven Sibelius symphonies all in a row (and some two or three times) was not easy to take; that the works had certain interesting musical and expressive characteristics; that they were flawed and uneven but contained many remarkable things, and that one or two of them were outstanding.

ERIC SALZMAN.

Brooklyn Heights, N.Y.

Viotti in Veritas

IT WAS GOOD to read Richard Freed's glowing review of the Viotti Piano Concerto in G minor, recorded by Eugene List [*SR*, Nov. 26]. Viotti is certainly worthy of being rediscovered.

May I clarify one or two points in the review? Viotti did not write "ten piano concertos as well as twenty-nine for violin"—an error perpetuated in Grove's Dictionary and even in the Baker. Viotti composed a total of twenty-nine concertos, all numbered by him as violin concertos. However, two of them—No. 19 (the one played by Mr. List) and No. 20—were originally written for the piano. Other violin concertos of Viotti were arranged for piano by famous contemporary pianists such as Dussek and Steibelt, and published under a separate numbering; hence the confusion.

The "dramatic use of trumpets and drums" mentioned by Mr. Freed was not intended by Viotti; these parts appear to be a later addition. However, such amplifications were not unusual. In fact, Mozart took the time to write trumpet and timpani parts for Viotti's Violin Concerto No. 16, to be used for a performance in Vienna about 1786. These additional parts are even listed in the Köchel Catalogue under No. 470a. Obviously, Mozart thought highly of Viotti, otherwise he would not have bothered.

BORIS SCHWARZ.

Flushing, N.Y.

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Casals

Continued from page 47

umbia stereo M2S 755, $11.59; mono M2L 355, $9.59.)

What they say, in effect, is that if a man lives to be eighty-seven perhaps he learns how to do justice to such music; and if he lives to be ninety, he may do even better. Or, more simply, that there is something to be done better tomorrow than one can do it today. For those who prefer to hear it in his own words, Columbia is providing, as bonus, a disc entitled *Casals: A Living Portrait.* It brings together excerpts from rehearsals and statements made at press conferences or for TV programs (the one with Isaac Stern is called upon for the inclusive narrative), all arranged by Thomas Frost against a background of the Casals cello, or Casals conducting, or the sound of music he has written.

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Discography

Continued from page 46

(Eugene Istomin; Perpignan Festival). C. ML-4567.

Mozart: *Piano Concerto No. 22, K. 482* (Rudolf Serkin; Perpignan Festival). C. ML-4569.

Mozart: *Piano Concerto No. 27, K. 595* (Horszowski; Perpignan Festival). C. ML-4570.

Mozart: *Violin Concerto No. 5, K. 219* (Erica Morini; Perpignan Festival). C. ML-4565.

Mozart: *Divertimento No. 11, K. 251* (Marcel Tabuteau, oboe; Perpignan Festival Orch.). C. ML-4566.

Mozart: *"Idomeneo" ("Zeffiretti lusinghieri")* (Jennie Tourel; Perpignan Festival). C. ML-4640.

Mozart: *Serenade "Eine kleine Nachtmusik"* (Perpignan Festival Orch.). C. ML-4563.

Mozart: *Sinfonia Concertante, K. 364* (Isaac Stern, William Primrose, Perpignan Festival Orch.). C. ML-4564.

Mozart: *Symphony No. 29 in A, K. 201* (Perpignan Festival Orch.). C. ML-4563.

Schubert: *"Unfinished" Symphony*—partial rehearsal (Festival Casals Orch., Puerto Rico). C. ML-5236.

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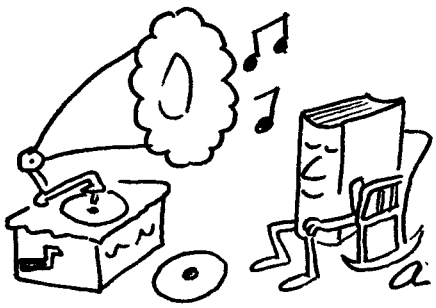

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INSTRUCTIONAL PROMOTION—Could you be available beginning second semester (or next fall) for a permanent, challenging position? A large publishing company has openings for recent college graduates, with some teaching experience. This job involves 50% travel to colleges and universities, attendance at workshops, seminars, etc. and will require the ability to prepare and deliver talks to educators. We have openings in the Pittsburgh, Atlanta, and New York areas. This work is promotional . . . NOT SALES. Please send detailed resume and salary requirements to: Box W-628.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators, department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential; a few immediate openings or enroll now for September 1967. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

DO YOU LIKE MUSIC? Do you like to travel? Opportunity exists for mature man or woman to work seasonally as representative of concert service. List experience in civic organizations and other background. Box W-666.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE: 25 acre lush banana and citrus plantation for permanent residence or vacation hideaway minutes from Montego Bay, Jamaica. Write SR Box W-614.

CLEARWATER, FLORIDA. New brick TOWNHOUSE near Bay. 2 bedrooms, 1½ baths. Assume $66 month mortgage, plus approximately $8,000 cash. Total $16,900. Photos, details. SR Box W-323.

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FURNISHED HOME FOR RENT. 6 months beginning March 1st. Suburban Brooklyn. 3 bedrooms, air-conditioned, excellent schools, near beaches, marinas. Reasonable rent to responsible family. 212-CL 1-0473 or Box W-651.

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YEARLONG CATSKILLS RETREAT for 2 or 3, $2,000. 914-434-4539 or Box W-656.

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(Continued on page 62)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 61)

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ART for every child—professional art staff. Non-competitive, individual program. Camping, tennis, lake, excellent equestrian program. Camp Ballibay, Camptown, Pennsylvania 18815.

TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts. Sports. Coed 6-16. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey.

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SUMMERLANE CAMP: freedom, love, work and joy. Box 25Y, North Branch, New York.

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ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place! Crestview Club Apartments . . . most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States—exclusively for persons over 60! Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care, good transportation. Near shopping, attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 6-hole golf course, gardens . . . come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Hospital and Health Care Center on the grounds . . . providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information write Manager, Crestview Club Apartments, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

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FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

ESCAPIST'S ISLAND. Completely informal. Good table. Private baths. Interesting people. Scenery. Do nothing or bird, fish, swim, snorkel, sail. Thousands of flamingos, reef fishes and breezes. Low weekly rates, air fares. Flamingo Beach Club, Bonaire 1, Netherlands Antilles.

TROLLHAUGEN FARM, Newfane, Vermont. Winter vacations. Near famous ski centers. Capacity 10. Folders.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

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THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

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GRADUATE ENGLISH STUDIES IN ENGLAND. July Session offers 3 credits Shakespeare Comedy, 3 credits Modern Drama. August session offers 3 credits Shakespeare Tragedy, 3 credits Modern Novel. Plays at nearby Stratford. Trips to London, Oxford, historic sites. Course lectures by distinguished British scholars. Residence in Wroxton Abbey, Lord North's ancestral home, modernized as Wroxton College. Write Dean Haberly, Fairleigh Dickinson University, Rutherford, New Jersey 07070.

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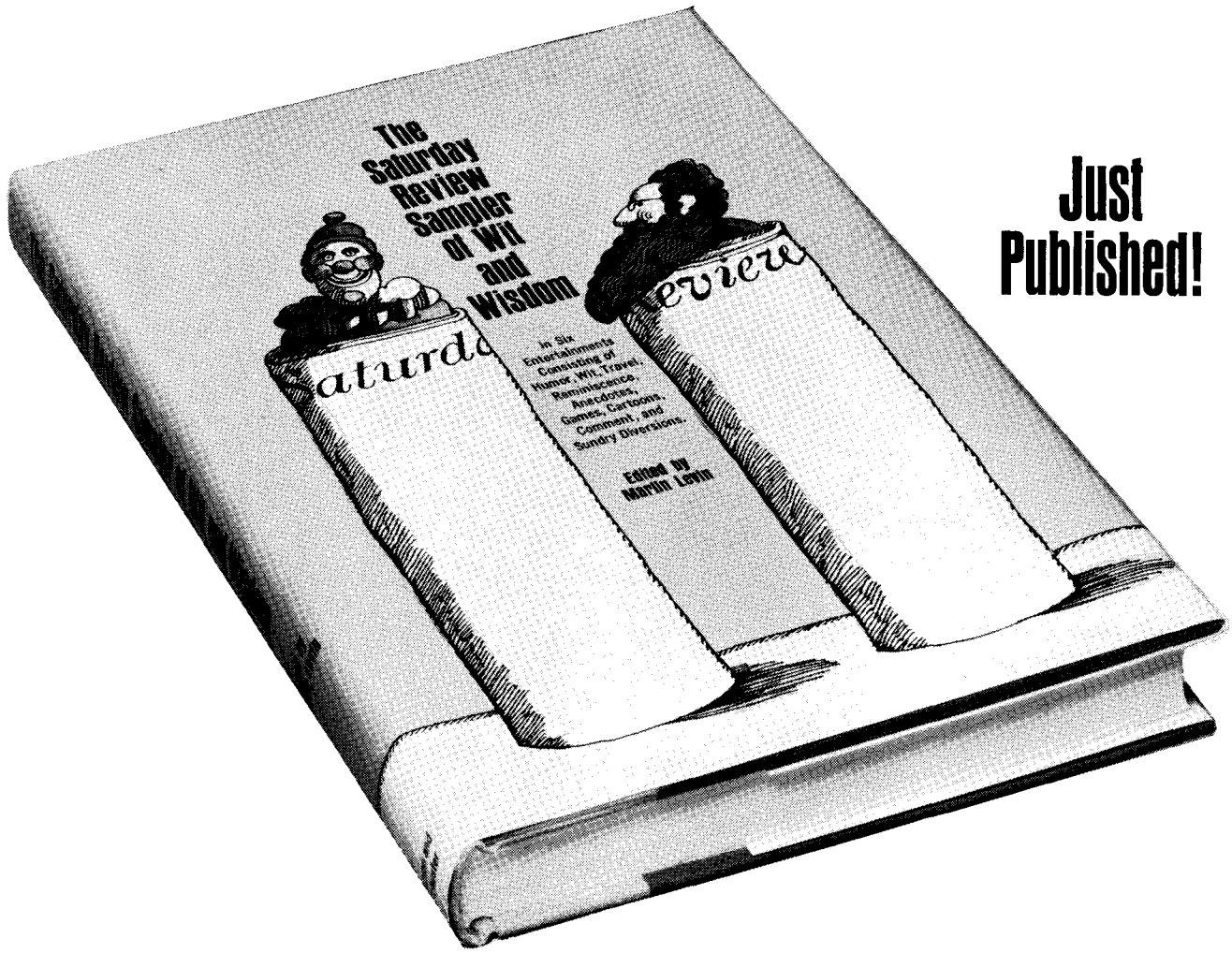
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In Six Entertainments Consisting of Humor, Wit, Travel, Reminiscence, Anecdotes, Games, Cartoons, Comment, and Sundry Diversions.
Edited by Martin Levin

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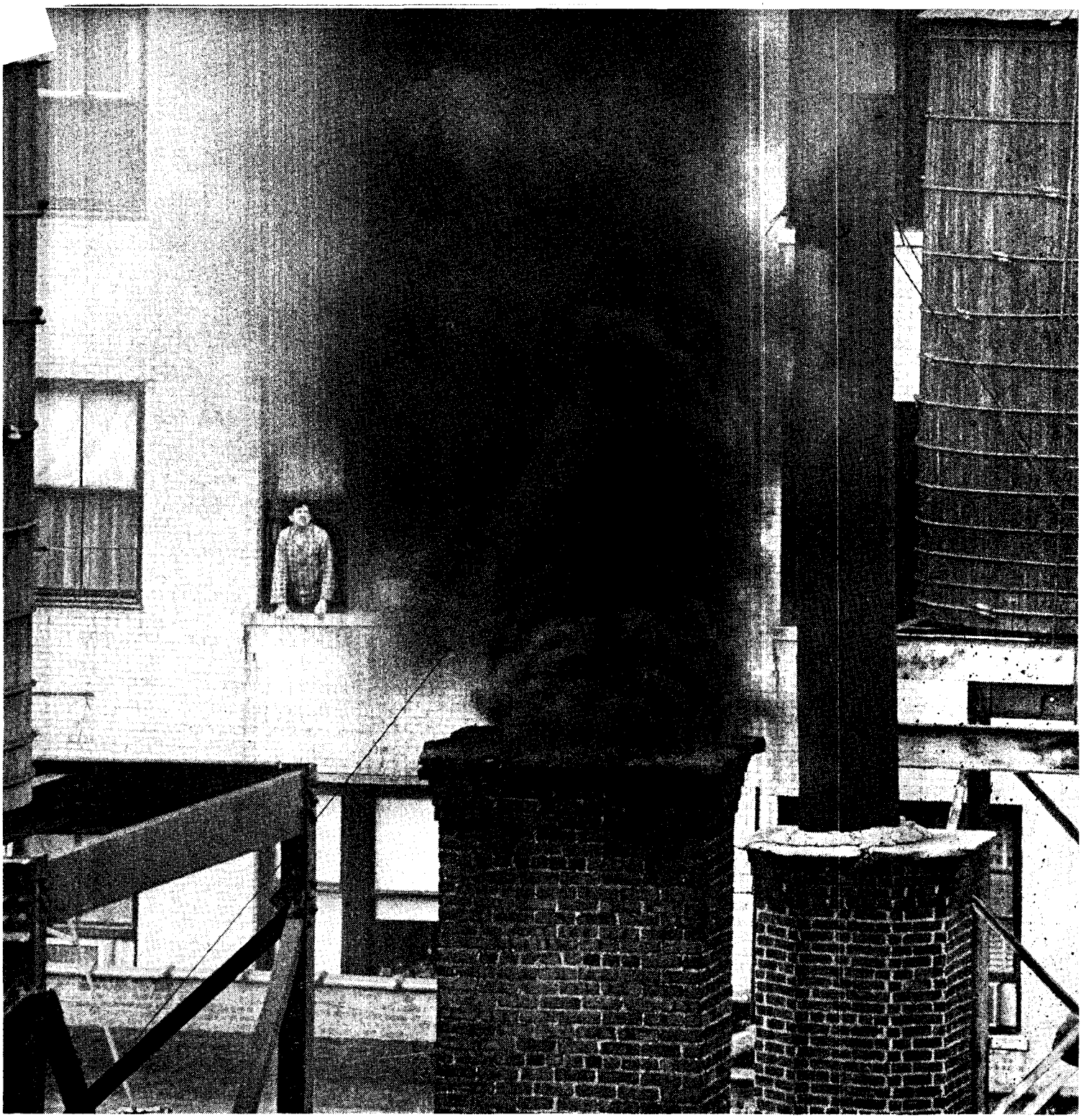

Tomorrow morning when you get up, take a nice deep breath. It'll make you feel rotten.

Every day your lungs breathe in air that contains sulfur dioxide (which contributes to chronic bronchitis and pulmonary emphysema), benzopyrene (which has produced cancer on the skin of mice), carbon monoxide (which, in sufficient quantities, will kill you), acrolein (which was an ingredient in tear gas in World War I) and enough soot and dirt to turn your lungs black, instead of the healthy pink they're supposed to be.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1708

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. See WORD B.	118 73 96 180 142
B. What the creatures of WORD A did when they were mome *(Alice Through the Looking Glass).*	164 15 145 113 168 78 176 51
C. See WORD G; "The Repudiating" Moslem angel.	107 173 34 24 90
D. Where people often met in ancient Rome and still meet in modern Japan. (3 wds.)	166 44 165 120 17 21 140 28 72
E. Segments of an orange or grapefruit.	144 111 31 56 86
F. Pendulous fold of skin common to the ox tribe and aging human beings.	18 138 63 23 182 71
G. "The Unknown" Moslem angel who with WORD C examines the dead as to their faith in the Prophet.	97 177 49 149 60 83
H. Full of small clefts or cracks.	47 105 136 74 159 172
I. Not Kilroy, but a branch "was here."	152 153 33 191 45 53 102 92
J. Turns upside down, or inside out.	132 35 170 5 77 126 32
K. Our country to M. de Gaulle (2 wds.)	80 75 143 115 65 125 137 87 109
L. Schacchic.	148 29 25 131 39 69 85 4 103
M. Where one may find a Subway in Queens, or out in the Bronx.	128 79 187 174 185 68 106 6

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Square wooden drinking cup of Ireland.	9 36 112 82 139
O. If the wife can be described thus and the husband has an income, Ogden Nash says there are no grounds for divorce.	104 134 59 161 124 11 48
P. Street in Paris named in compliment to England after World War I (3 wds.)	95 129 123 163 91 70 76 101 20 38 167 46 188 26
Q. Goddess of Samothrace in the Louvre.	43 147 41 27
R. In a short time from now (2 wds.)	81 62 133 7 160 116 40 146 57
S. Port of Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber.	189 150 61 130 155
T. Draws (out) by shrewd questioning.	54 171 156 186 181 55 14
U. Transfer as from one estate to another.	37 89 184 151 190 99
V. Blind girl of Pompeii in Bulwer Lytton's novel.	67 100 84 42 30
W. What *i.e.* really stands for (2 wds.)	158 110 121 162 1
X. Eccentric, like the lone Australian miner (4 wds.; Holt, *Phrase and Word Origins).*	135 114 175 64 58 98 8 10 127 19 3 122
Y. As it is performed, said, understood, etc. (2 wds.)	12 50 119 94 179 178
Z. Babies' complete outfits of clothes and linens.	141 169 13 22 93 108 154 157
Z^1. Spread on thick; waste in large quantities (colloq.)	16 183 66 86 2 117 52

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 W	2 Z^1	3 X		4 L	5 J	6 M	7 R	8 X		9 N	10 X	11 O	12 Y	13 Z	14 T			
15 B	16 Z^1	17 D	18 F		19 X	20 P		21 D	22 Z	23 F	24 C	25 L	26 P	27 Q		28 D		
29 L	30 V	31 E		32 J	33 I	34 C		35 J	36 N	37 U	38 P		39 L	40 R	41 Q			
42 V	43 Q		44 D	45 I	46 P		47 H	48 O	49 G	50 Y	51 B	52 Z^1		53 I	54 T			
55 T	56 E	57 R		58 X	59 O	60 G	61 S	62 R		63 F	64 X	65 K		66 Z^1	67 V			
68 M	69 L	70 P	71 F	72 D	73 A	74 H	75 K		76 P	77 J	78 B	79 M	80 K	81 R	82 N	83 G		
84 V		85 L	86 Z^1		87 K	88 E		89 U	90 C	91 P	92 I		93 Z	94 Y	95 P	96 A		
	97 G	98 X	99 U	100 V		101 P	102 I	103 L	104 O	105 H	106 M	107 C	108 Z	109 K		110 W		
111 E	112 N		113 B	114 X	115 K	116 R	117 Z^1	118 A		119 Y	120 D	121 W	122 X	123 P		124 O		
125 K	126 J		127 X	128 M		129 P	130 S	131 L	132 J	133 R		134 O		135 X	136 H	137 K		
138 F	139 N	140 D	141 Z		142 A	143 K	144 E	145 B		146 R	147 Q	148 L	149 G		150 S	151 U		
152 I		153 I	154 Z	155 S	156 T		157 Z	158 W	159 H		160 R	161 O	162 W		163 P	164 B		
165 D		166 D		167 P	168 B	169 Z	170 J	171 T	172 H	173 C	174 M	175 X		176 B	177 G	178 Y		
	179 Y		180 A	181 T	182 F	183 Z^1	184 U	185 M		186 T	187 M	188 P	189 S	190 U	191 I			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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